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February 18, 1978 Price One Dollar

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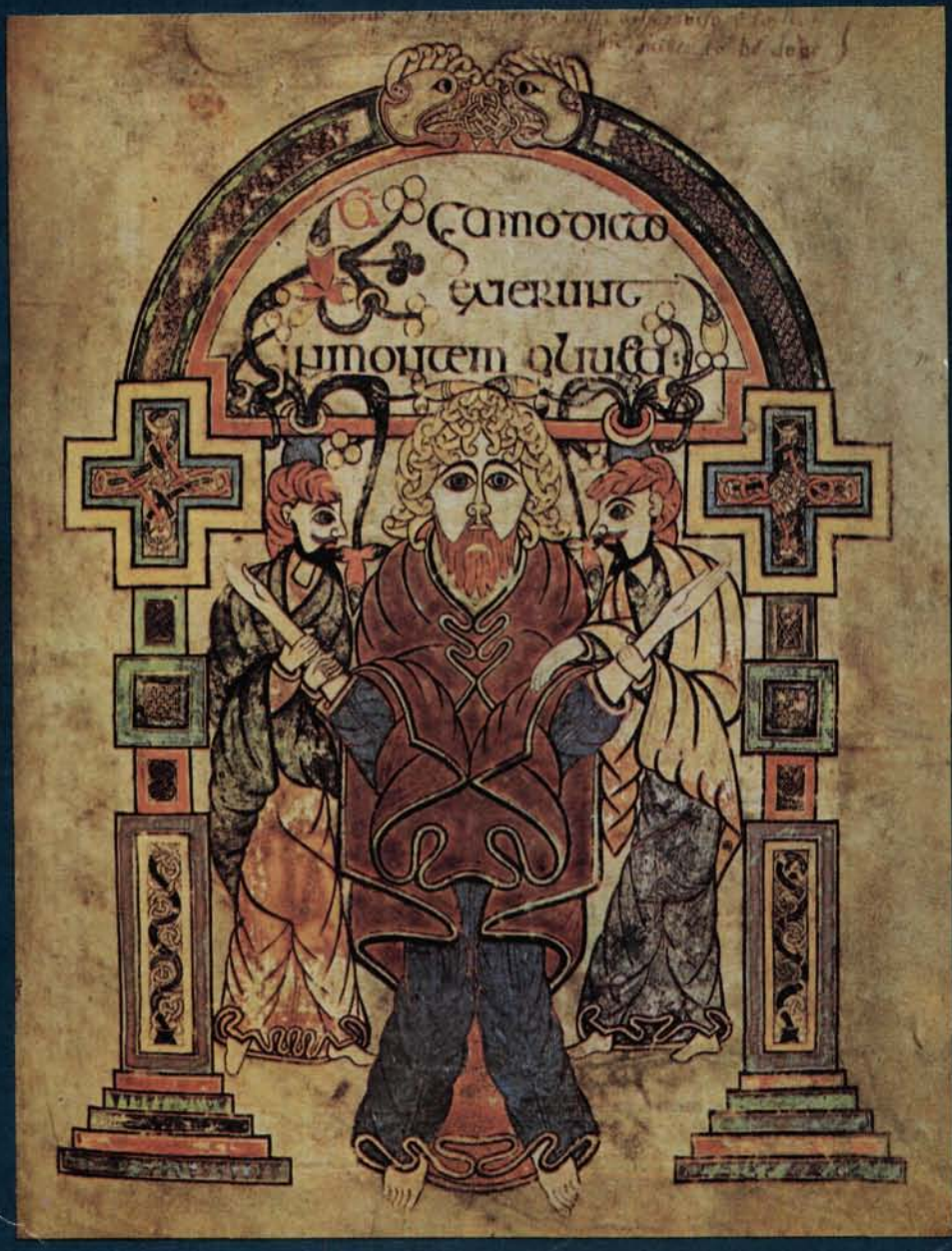

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TRB

from Washington
February 18, 1978

Bakke and Bok

The passionately argued issue in the Bakke case can be stated rather simply. Because the Supreme Court may be handing down its decison any day after it returns to Washington, it deserves to be looked at again. Americans amended the Constitution to wipe out the blot of slavery, and they have repeatedly forbidden any kind of racial discrimination. But that, of course, left the blacks to catch up with whites from the social, educational and economic disadvantage with which they started. The have done this for 100 years with some success. Today, however, a different and more subtle discrimination persists. Now comes the question: Can those same bans on racial discrimination, intended to aid the blacks, be used against them? Can universities and other institutions try to help them. They have the vote. They are equal politically. But anybody who notes the aggravated unemployment among blacks, the starved schools in the city ghettoes, the black infant mortality rate twice that of whites, and the black life expectancy rate six or seven years under whites, must acknowledge that ethnic differences aren't equal. To help remedy this, so-called "affirmative action" (which opponents call "reverse discrimination") has been instituted. It is designed to give certain blacks a leg up. Is this constitutional? That's what the Bakke case is all about.

In the quaint American system we have put this fascinating moral issue up to the nine black-robed justices of the Supreme Court. It is of extraordinary interest because men of goodwill can advance plausible arguments for either side. The decision, when it comes, could be as important as *Plessy* v *Ferguson*, in 1896, which said it was all right to segregate blacks in schools under the rule of "separate but equal". Or it could be as important as 1954's *Brown* v *Board of Education*, when the same revered tribunal unanimously threw *Plessy* into the ash-can, and said that black segregation is immoral. It took a different look at the same Constitution.

Finally, Mr. Justice Burger's present-day court could side-step the almost insoluble issues in the Bakke case and decide it on technical grounds, or send it back to lower courts to work out more details. Some candid observers privately say this might not be such a bad idea.

Harvard president Derek C. Bok has recently explained why his university hopes that the high court will find against Bakke. Even in his explanation, however, President Bok shows how Harvard differentiates its admission policies from those of the University of California at Davis Medical School, which precipitated the case.

Allan P. Bakke, you recall, white, 37, a civil engineer, wanted to become a doctor, but twice had been denied admission to the Davis medical school, a state institution. He was also rejected by 11 other medical schools, although his ratings were above average. The Davis school has 100 annual openings for over 2500 who apply, and reserves 16 openings for blacks and other minorities. It denies that this constitutes a "quota."

Anti-discrimination laws are pretty strict. For example, here's what the Civil Rights Act of 1964 says—called the Magna Carta of civil liberties: "No person in the US shall, on the grounds of race, color, or national origin, be excluded from participation in, or denied the benefits of, or be subjected to discrimination under any program or activity receiving federal financial assistance."

Bakke's lawyer says his client was discriminated against "because of race". He says Bakke's qualifications were better than some of the minority students accepted in his place. The California Supreme Court ruled for Bakke in 1976 and struck down the university's admissions program. Now it's on appeal.

One other fact should be mentioned before coming to President Bok's argument. Although blacks comprise over 11 percent of the US population, they comprise less than two percent of all doctors, lawyers and professors. Big areas of ghetto slums have no residing physician at all, black or white, a condition other industrial democracies would call intolerable.

This is how President Bok put it: "Many persons, including myself, believe that the serious racial problems that have preoccupied our society will never be fully resolved until substantial numbers of well-trained, highly competent minority persons are able to assume positions of responsibility in law firms, the major corporations, the teaching hospitals, and the agencies of government throughout the country."

That's one reason, he argues, why a professional school may choose to take account of an applicant's minority status—along with grades and other relevant matters. Another reason, he says, is to achieve diversity in the student body. He doesn't want Harvard students to be all rich young men, nor yet a collection of near-genius IQ's. Students learn from one another, he argues, and it's the business of a college to go part way, anyway, "to search among applicants for individuals who seem particularly likely to make a distinctive contribution to their professions and to society after they graduate."

That's all very well, but how about ethnic "quotas" which some institutions have used, whether acknowledged or not? It's because of quotas that Jewish groups and others that might normally support the NAACP against Bakke have split off. The Italian-American Foundation is another supporter of Bakke, along with the arch-conservative Young Americans for Freedom. Against Bakke are the AFL-CIO, the US Commission on Civil Rights and the Congressional Black Caucus. In this extraordinary, emotion-charged case no less than 58 *amicus curiae* (friend of the court) briefs have been filed, which may be a record.

The weak point in the university's position against Bakke is the specific number of openings set aside for blacks and other minorities; it looks like a racial quota. Harvard entered a brief against Bakke, and its law professor, Archibald Cox (first Watergate special prosecutor) argued in behalf of the Davis regents. Harvard doesn't reserve "predetermined quotas" for minority students, however, President Bok says. But, it denies that any student has a "right" to be admitted "on the merits". What worries him and the whole academic community right now is the "dangerous threat of government intrusion into academic processes" from a rigid high court ruling.

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Contents

TRB from Washington	3	Bakke and Bok
Comment	5	The Arms Sales Numbers Game The Unjust Burdens of (and on) Social Security
	7	Correspondence
Ken Bode	8	Reagan Runs Ahead
Charles Fenyvesi	14	Second-Hand
Chester A. Crocker	15	Lost in Africa
Bernard Lewis	18	Turkey Turns Away
Eugene J. McCarthy	21	Memories of Hubert
		Arts and Lives
Stanley Kauffman	24	Films
John V. Kelleher	25	Ireland That Was
		Books Considered
Niall Montgomery	28	James Joyce by C. H. Peake James Joyce in Padua by Louis Berrone
Mervyn Wall	31	A Flann O'Brien Reader edited by Stephen Jones
Enoch Brater	33	Collected Poems in English and French by Samuel Beckett
Michele Slung	35	The Education of the Heart edited by Edgar E. MacDonald
Roger Stilling	37	The Twilight Lords by Richard Berleth
Roderick Nordell	38	Reconsideration: The Plough and the Stars by Sean O'Casey
Roger Rosenblatt	39	The Back of the Book: The State of the Culture
Washington Diarist	45	Cycles

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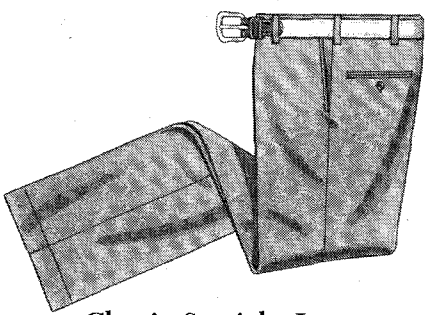

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

February 18, 1978

The Arms Sales Numbers Game

As a candidate, Jimmy Carter denounced the US arms trade as an "unsavory business" and led us to believe that, if elected, he would substantially reduce it. As President, Carter began to fulfill his promise by announcing last May an innovative program for restraining US sales of conventional weapons. He pledged to use arms sales only as an "exceptional foreign policy instrument," to impose a ceiling to reduce US sales in 1978 and to severely restrict the sale of sophisticated weapons. The policy seemed to have force as the US turned down sales of A-7 jets to Pakistan and F-18L fighters to Iran and refused Israel permission to sell Kfir jets with American engines to Ecuador. But, later, the policy seemed to wither when the President decided to send Iran the AWACs—a Boeing 707 packed with sensitive radar and communications gear—and to initiate arms sales to Chad and the Sudan. At a press conference July 28, Carter was asked what, in light of his latest decisions, remained of his policy of restraint. The President's response was to make the ceiling the main test of his new policy, promising anew that the level of sales in 1978 would be below that of 1977.

On February 1, the President unveiled his 1978 ceiling of $8.6 billion—and, indeed, it was down from $9.3 billion in the preceding year. But the White House also predicted a record-smashing $13.2 billion in *total sales* for 1978. When Undersecretary of State Lucy Wilson Benson tried to explain it all to a House committee, Representative Gerry Studds of Massachusetts jibed, "What you're saying is that more is less."

Actually, the discrepancy between the $8.6 billion ceiling and the $13.2 billion in total sales can be justified in part. It occurs because sales to 17 countries—NATO allies, Australia, New Zealand and Japan—and sales of certain non-weapons items are excluded from the ceiling. Given our shared security interests and the felt need to modernize NATO to match Warsaw Pact forces, it is arguable that sales to allies should not count in judging the administration's record on restraint. But, the exclusion of other items—mostly construction in Saudi Arabia—on grounds that "roads and buildings are not weapons" is less defensible. The Saudi construction consists primarily of military schools and other facilities for the Saudi armed forces.

The administration made a vain stab at cheating on the numbers, attempting to artificially inflate 1977 sales to make it easy to show a reduction in 1978. At the end of last year, the official estimate of 1977 suddenly jumped by over one billion dollars as a result of newly-discovered increases in the prices and quantities of items covered in previous agreements. But, the numbers-rigging effort fell apart in the imbroglio over AWACS sales to Iran. Congressional opposition delayed signing of the $1.5 billion deal from 1977 into 1978. This lowered 1977 sales, of course, and made it necessary for $1.5 billion of the 1978 ceiling figure to be devoted to AWACS. The three-billion-dollar swing in ceiling dollars meant that the US might actually have to turn down some arms requests and begin to practice genuine restraint.

The actual money levels looked like this: To fulfill the President's promises, the 1978 ceiling had to be under last year's $9.3 billion. But, $5.4 billion was eaten up by already-approved deals and prior commitments, and the President wanted a $700 million reduction. This left only $3.2 billion to meet upwards of five billion dollars in other deals that the government planned to make.

Then, creative accounting was employed to rescue the arms business from cuts that the new ceiling might otherwise have required. A ceiling without tears was made possible by creating a distinction between the approval of an arms deal *in principle* and the actual signing of a contract on the dotted line. A deal counts toward a ceiling, now, only when the contract is actually signed, so that the US can approve, in principle, five billion dollars in sales, even though only $3.2 billion might be left under the 1978 ceiling. Signing the rest is

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deferred until a later year. Moreover, later signing causes little or no delay in planned delivery dates, because the elapsed time between approval and delivery can be as much as five years or more.

There is a catch, however. The deferral technique merely postpones the day of reckoning. Because future ceiling dollars are committed to sales, less space remains available for future sales. For a few years, this problem can be managed by piling deferrals on deferrals. But, the future cannot be indefinitely mortgaged away. As the pyramiding continues, the interval between signing and approval increases until it begins to seriously crowd against expected delivery dates. At this point, the ceiling, even with the deferral technique, would begin to impose genuine restraint on arms sales. But, the pinch might not be felt until after the 1980 elections.

There is still an escape clause. The administration has emphasized that the ceiling reductions can continue over the long run only if other arms-merchant nations join our efforts. We have taken the first step because, compared to them, the US is the General Motors of the arms trade. But, we may dispense with the ceiling at some future date if others do not co-operate. Ironically, the deferral technique increases the likelihood that the escape clause will be resorted to. The early years of ceiling *cum* deferral will produce the least evidence of genuine US restraint needed to gain the cooperation of others. If there is no cooperation, our ceiling may be lifted before it has an opportunity to put a real crimp in actual sales.

Even with straightforward accounting, the ceiling is a very crude tool for achieving or measuring genuine restraint. Sales can gyrate wildly because of a single event. A new regime in Iran more devoted to economic and social development and less obsessed with buying unneeded weapons would cause the figures to plummet. Another Middle East war with a major re-supply of Israel would bust the ceiling completely.

All this is not to say that the ceiling will produce no immediate restraint at all. It will. But the effect probably will be limited to Iran. Even an $8.6 billion ceiling may not be high enough to include Iran's requests and also those of other buyers. The Shah, who has purchased more than $17 billion in US arms since 1972, now is on notice that all his future demands may not be met.

Otherwise, there will be little impact from Carter's ceilings this year. We will continue selling to Israel. Iran will get AWACS and Saudi Arabia (if Congress goes along) is in for billions of dollars worth of jet fighters. While shipments of arms to 60 additional countries fall under the ceiling, the dollar amount for any one is minuscule compared to the total, and so each will get more or less all it asks for.

Should the ceiling be scrapped as a means of controlling arms sales? There is nothing sacred about the $8.6 billion figure chosen by the President. While it is almost certainly excessive, this is because individual sales are being approved which should not be. The very need to impose a ceiling indicates a serious breakdown in the process of analyzing individual cases. The ceiling eventually may cause this process to become more rational because administration officials, faced with competing requests for scarcer ceiling space, may look over each request more critically. But, this is no substitute for directly addressing the underlying causes of America's arms sales role.

An effective policy should be set by directly facing three primary issues—the military needs of buyer-countries, the foreign policy interests of the United States and the economic wellbeing of domestic arms manufacturers, workers and banks. The quantities of arms sold by the United States should be based on clear evaluation of these factors, and not governed by setting arbitrary ceilings.

The Unjust Burdens Of (and on) Social Security

There are moments when politicians of opposing parties get together to hide their sins. 1978 is such a time. The majority of incumbents would like to obscure the fact that Congress voted last December to raise the tax on wages, but not on corporate income.

Because the Social Security trust fund was slipping into deficit, Congress did what was necessary. It voted to raise both the rate of taxation and the wage base on which Social Security taxes are computed. Under the old law, for example, a person earning $20,000 paid $965 in Social Security taxes in 1977 and $1070 this year. The new law, when it takes effect, will boost the tax to $1226 in 1979. The salary ceiling and the tax rate will rise in yearly steps from now 'til 1987, when a $20,000 earner will pay $1430. The increase should not impose a great sacrifice, but it will be noticed.

The increases will be offset by some form of rebate this year. The election is approaching, after all. The consensus is that it will come as a reduction in individual and corporate income taxes amounting to $25 or $30 billion. The exact amount depends on how generous Congress wants to be. Most of the complaints so far about Carter's plan have to do with its alleged niggardliness toward business. There's a move underway to give corporations five billion dollars more than Carter intended.

The bite on individual incomes will be softened by a planned reduction of $18 billion, spread far and wide. Under Carter's proposal, the wage earner in the

(continued on page 8)

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Correspondence

Califano and health

To the editors:

In your editorial attack against HEW Secretary Califano ("Still Puffing, Joe?" *TNR*, Jan. 28) for proposing a stepped-up program against cigarette smoking, you ask, what do Califano's declarations have to do with the right and proper management of HEW? For one thing, HEW manages the National Clearinghouse on Smoking and Health, which is supposed to conduct education and behavioral research on cigarette smoking.

The Clearinghouse has a budget enabling it to spend less in an entire year than the cigarette industry spends in a single day for advertising cigarettes. Califano proposed a sixfold increase of the Clearinghouse budget, which still is insufficient to combat the single most widespread cause of preventable cancer in this country.

The American Cancer Society welcomed Califano's initiative because he was the first head of a major government agency to take action on the proposals of the Surgeon General in 1964, when he found that most lung cancers and many other diseases are caused by cigarette smoking.

Joseph Clark
Director of Press Relations
American Cancer Society

Time for ERA?

To the editors:

Extension of the Equal Rights Amendment ratification period, *TNR* suggests ("Deadline Time for ERA," Dec. 17, 1977), would supply a precedent for calling "a new constitutional convention that could . . . bypass the ratification procedure entirely." This suggestion proceeds from an erroneous premise, since by the express terms of Article Five of the Constitution, it is impossible to bypass ratification.

Compounding the confusion, *TNR* links the two issues—time extention and Convention—on the ground that both remain untried. But if "it never happened before" is a reason for opposition, one can only wonder at the basis for *TNR*'s support of the ERA.

Extension is a novel issue because Congress specified a time period for ratification only eight times before, and in each case the proposed amendment was ratified well within the initial time frame. No amendment has ever died because a specified time period ran out. Since Article Five is silent on the time for ratification, it seems reasonable to assume the generally applicable rule applies: time bars may be lifted when the legislature determines that the claim pressed remains vital.

By contrast, the Convention method for proposing amendments is expressly stipulated by Article Five. Its non-use may be attributable in significant part to recognition that the alternative method—proposal of Congress—is the more democratic.

In other respects, too, *TNR*'s analysis is flawed. The proposal is not to extend the time limit "indefinitely," but only for a reasonable period. Far from being "universally understood," the seven-year stipulation was hastily and haphazardly appended to the resolution accompanying the text of the ERA. The validity of purported recission of a state's ratification is a separate question, not determined by a decision, one way or the other, on extension. Nor need one fear that extension would render "unlikely" acquiescence in the grand principle the ERA represents. Polls consistently show ERA is supported by a large majority of the population.

But most troublesome of all is *TNR*'s assertion that extension is unlikely to improve the odds on ratification "one whit." Tremendous misunderstanding, distortion and confusion have been spread about what ERA will and will not do. A time extension would provide an opportunity for responsible members of

(continued on page 40)

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$20,000 bracket will get a reduction of $270 in 1979. That's just nine dollars more than Social Security will take away that year. Most people earning less than $25,000 will come out ahead, but not in amounts worth celebrating. The government hopes these little dividends will lessen the taxpayers' trauma.

Nevertheless, in making the change, Congress will be corrupting the federal financing system. Having voted to increase a tax that applies explicitly to salaries, it is now going to compensate by giving a reduction in income taxes to everyone, including business. The net effect will be to make the government more dependent on Social Security taxes and less dependent on income taxes. The trend is pernicious because Social Security is taken out of working peoples' pockets. Economists agree that a tax imposed on wages, as this one is, operates as a penalty against wage-earners. It increases salary costs, and thereby works as a tax against employment. Many economists believe that the tax is paid in its entirety out of employees' wages. The income tax, by contrast, attaches to every segment of enterprise, not discriminating between salary costs and machinery costs. And, unlike the Social Security tax, it is "progressive," meaning that it taxes big incomes at a steeper rate than small incomes.

The attraction of the Social Security tax is that it's predictable, simple and vise-like in its grip. You cannot avoid it by hiring a good tax lawyer. "But what's going to happen in 1981," an aide on the Senate Finance Committee asks, "when the autoworker making $30,000 looks at his paycheck and sees that he's paying $165 a month *after income taxes* for Social Security?" The answer is that he will revolt. As the aide put it, $165 buys a lot of beer, and Social Security is no substitute for that.

Half of the taxpayers in the US now pay more in Social Security taxes than they do in income taxes. The trend is moving in this direction; every year more of the burden will fall on wage earners. Last week Representative Abner Mikva and Senator Gaylord Nelson suggested that it's time to make a major change in the system. They would like to reduce the number of chores assigned to the Social Security Administration. They point out that the system was originally created in 1935 as a fund to provide retirement income for working people, and particularly for those who could not afford any other kind of pension plan. In 1957 Congress loaded on a new duty. It asked Social Security to begin financing disability payments to the halt, the lame and the blind. And then in 1964 it added on Medicare—subsidized medical aid to everyone over 65. The cost of the last of these has been enormous. More than any of the others, Medicare has strained the system to the limit.

Nelson and Mikva would like to return Social Security to its original form—that of a simple pension fund for workers—and put health and disability financing in separate funds. They argue that it makes no sense to tax only workers in order to finance benefits that are given to disabled or sick people. These costs, they think, should be borne by the whole society, and for that reason should be paid for by income taxes. Social Security would then become what it was meant to be—an extraordinarily cheap and efficient retirement plan. By Nelson's estimate, this reform would so reduce Social Security taxes that "rates for the next 42 years would be lower than those now in effect. And the tax rate in the year 2051 . . . would be about the same as the tax rate schedule to be in effect in 1982" under the law passed in December. The Nelson-Mikva plan would put an end to the government's tendency to lean on wage taxes.

The cost of Medicare and disability insurance would not be lessened by the change. It would be shifted onto broader shoulders—those of the general income tax system. Conservative members of the Senate Finance Committee believe that if Congress were to do this, it would remove the "discipline" that the Social Security system imposes. They think it would "blur" the actual cost of Medicare and disability support, permit deficit spending and actually run costs up more rapidly. This may or may not be true, but it has nothing to do with the question of tax equity. Discipline is a separate problem that Congress must grapple with; it arises in the defense budget as well as in Medicare. It should not be allowed to obscure the important point, which is that a tax on wages is being used—more each year—to finance general aid programs.

If he wants it, the out-front spot belongs to Ron.

Reagan Runs Ahead

The out party in American politics traditionally is not a source of coherent opposition. It is by nature fragmented and self-divided, its leadership positions fought over. The Republican party is living up to the tradition these days, but one man already controls a large chunk of its turf. That is former California Governor Ronald Reagan. A survey of contending GOP encampments leads to the conclusion that today Ronald Reagan, even at age 67, is preeminent in the party and front-runner for its 1980 presidential nomination, if he wants to seek it.

Among Reagan's own cohorts, there is little doubt at all about where things stand. In 1976, Reagan came within just 59 convention votes of denying nomination

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to an incumbent president, and this fact creates, for Reaganites, a compelling reason to conclude that the future belongs to them. Their logic has a sound premise: that the heart of the GOP is conservative. The 1976 contest for the Republican nomination was not essentially ideological. It was really a test within the Republican party of Gerald Ford's leadership as President and his abilities as a spokesman for the party's principles. In the end it was incumbency, not ideology, that carried the day. Incumbency gave the President innumerable advantages during the primaries and enabled him to lay claim to the loyalty of the Republican establishment around the country. It was control of the Oval Office and the White House perquisites that go with it which permitted Mr. Ford to win the battle for uncommitted delegates in the final days and enabled his supporters to control, the platform aside, every important facet of the convention itself. For Reagan to have done as well as he did, especially after weathering losses in several early primaries, deomonstrates his inherent strength in the Grand Old Party.

Reagan's backers also think Reagan systematically demonstrated in 1976 that conservatives could avoid Barry Goldwater's disastrous errors of 1964. Reagan picked no ideological soulmate as his vice presidential candidate, as Goldwater did with William Miller. Rather, by choosing liberal Pennsylvania Senator Richard Schweiker, Reagan signaled moderate and Northeast Republicans that they were appreciated. Reagan also showed ability to appeal to urban-ethnic-Catholic Democrats alienated by Southern Baptist Jimmy Carter. There are Democrats, by the way, who agree that Reagan would have been a stronger opponent than Ford precisely because of this cultural appeal to right-wing Democrats.

The conclusion of contemporary Reaganite logic of course is that if the GOP had picked its team, it would have won the election. How? Without sacrificing any of the strength that President Ford showed in the Midwest, Southwest and Far West, Reaganites believe their man could have carried Texas, forced Carter to devote considerable campaign time protecting his base in the South and would have been able to add Pennsylvania (with Schweiker) and perhaps Ohio to the states President Ford carried in the Northeast.

Ford's backers obviously dispute the Reagan camp's logic, but what is really important now is not 1976, anyway, but 1980. Should he run, Reagan's assets will be formidable. He is thoroughly known by the Republican establishment, and his views are compatible with theirs. His image as an ideological hardliner has been softened. Reaganites say it was purveyed by the opposition and sustained by the press anyway, and never widely held by rank and file Republicans. Too, Reagan's issues have "proved out;" even conservative Democrats are campaigning successfully against welfare cheats, SALT II, and so on.

Reagan, of course, created the current Panama Canal flap during the 1976 primaries, but he has not been as active as many expected he would be in the fight over ratification of President Carter's Panama treaties. He has not emerged as a hardline oppositionist, in part to avoid being classed with reactionary jingoists such as Strom Thurmond and Jesse Helms, and resurrecting his old image, which could prove to be a liability, as a super-hard ideologist.

Reagan has other assets bankable against 1980, among them that he's a proven fundraiser and an excellent campaigner. Unlike many of the contenders who struggled to meet the 20-state threshhold of the new campaign spending law, Reagan coasted through. Then, with his organization strapped for funds and saddled with three consecutive primary losses, Reagan simply budgeted one-half hour of national television time and generated $1.3 million. No one—especially other Republicans—is inclined to underestimate Ronald Reagan's dexterity as a campaigner. Stuart Spencer, who handled his two successful gubernatorial campaigns in California, then shifted sides and managed Ford in 1976, says of Reagan: "He is the most articulate man in American politics, the best political communicator in my lifetime." Robert Teeter was President Ford's pollster in 1976. Looking back over the primaries in a post-election wrap-up, Teeter said, "After North Carolina, most of the head-to-head primaries followed the same pattern—the President would start substantially ahead, and that would hold until Reagan went into a state to campaign. Then things began to snowball."

The 1976 insurgency also enabled Reagan's organizers to improve their position within state Republican parties, where Ford as President claimed near unanimous support. Reaganites now are state chairmen or national committee members in 28 states, including some like Texas that could prove very useful in a future nominating contest. More important, Reagan developed the personal grassroots base in 1976 that he is now striving to keep alive as an option on 1980. "We start with pretty close to half the party," says Reagan aide Lyn Nofziger. "Inside the party, Reagan starts with a base in the West and the South that nobody else can touch, and a bloc of 147 delegates in his pocket in California. All of us directly involved in 1976 would be there again and in most states there is a loose-knit organization ready to move in and try it one more time. I don't see where we'd lose much of what we had."

Nofziger is chiefly responsible for the day-to-day operations of Citizens for the Republic (CFTR) the entity created to care for and feed the Reagan organization around the country. Established as a political action group with about one million dollars in left-over campaign funds and the approval of the Federal Election Commission, CFTR's steering committee includes all Reagan's key 1976 associates,

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including Schweiker, who has already pledged to support another Reagan presidential bid. The committee maintains biweekly contact through an eight-page newsletter, has hired Reagan's 1976 pollster, Richard Wirthlin, to poll every congressional district in the country and has added another $250,000 in contributions to the original million-dollar endowment, all of it to be distributed to conservative Republican candidates for Congress this year. Reagan himself averages a dozen speeches a month—for a fee of $5000 to $8000 to private organizations, free to Republican groups—writes a twice-weekly column for 135 newspapers and delivers a weekly five-minute commentary on 275 radio stations. Most of the columns, speeches, commentaries and newsletter articles are pitched to causes shared by conservative and moderate Republicans—President Carter's energy program, labor law reform package, tax proposal and welfare program; Senator Edward Kennedy's national health insurance plan, the SALT and Panama Canal treaties, and OSHA. By June, CFTR will have completed a series of five regional, all-day seminars and workshops designed to bring the organization together for training in campaign techniques which, they hope, will have some spillover effect on Republican campaigns. The seminars also give reinforcement to old Reagan supporters and give Citizens for the Republic an opportunity to be identified as Republicans rather than just New Right types.

Reagan is the chief link in a tenuous alliance between the Republican establishment and the New Right—that collection of largely single-issue groups, many of them in the orbit of Richard Viguerie, which are conservative first and only incidentally Republican. The New Right is the quarter from which third party talk was heard in 1976 and it is by no means always happy with Reagan. (His selection of Schweiker was greeted with charges of treachery.) Nevertheless, as long as Reagan remains a viable option for 1980, even the most restive Rightists will be forced to stay Republican.

Establishment Republicans, meanwhile, are restless about the wide sweep of CFTR activity. RNC co-chairman Mary Crisp recently charged that Reagan was an ideological purist who was siphoning money away from the party. For the most part, Reaganites approve of National Chairman Bill Brock's way of running the RNC, including his programs to rebuild the party from local levels first and to include more blacks and other minorities. "We do want to keep them neutral," says David Keen, a Reagan organizer who believes that President Ford's control of the 1976 convention machinery made a substantial difference in the nomination outcome.

Looking over the 1980 Republican field, it's clear that there are a number of ambitious prospects on the right—Dole of Kansas, Laxalt of Nevada, Hatch of Utah, and Congressman Philip Crane of Illinois. Even the distilled essence of right wing ideological purity, Jesse Helms of North Carolina, is a possibility. But as long as Ronald Reagan remains in the running, he preempts them all. None, including Dole, is likely to run if Reagan makes the race. If he decides to run, Reaganites believe there is no one in the GOP, including John Connally, able to challenge their man for his base.

Meanwhile, the GOP's moderate wing faces a splintered field—Baker of Tennessee, Thompson of Illinois, Weicker of Connecticut, perhaps others—with no incumbent President to rally around. It is said that if Reagan enters, Gerald Ford will, too. But, this time, Ford is likely to find the going harder than in 1976. For one thing, his entry will not automatically exclude the Bakers, Weickers, Thompsons and others. For another, in 1980, Ford would have to build a campaign organization from scratch, not inherit one with the presidency. As one Reaganite puts it, "That means paying for an airplane in advance, like the rest of us, not reimbursing the government 90 days later." John Sears is blunt about Ford: "Ford's problem is that he'd have difficulty finding someone to support him."

Moderate Republicans concede that right now Reagan holds a definite edge but they believe his biggest problem in actually getting the nomination will be a lingering, indeed unshakable, public perception that he is a right-wing extremist. President Ford's campaign strategists tried to encapsulate that view in the late-going 1976 primaries with a TV spot which said, "Governor Reagan couldn't start a war, but President Reagan could." Reagan's supporters are convinced that the ad backfired; nontheless its message is starkly reminiscent of the advertisement used by the Democrats against Goldwater in 1964, a little girl in a field of daisies, plucking petals and counting backwards, culminating in the blast of an atomic bomb, and the simple question, "*President* Goldwater?"

Moderates also believe that a Reagan-whoever ticket would cause massive voter defections and inflict heavy damage on the GOP at lower levels of the ballot, especially in the Northeast. They point out that 1980 is the last chance that Republicans have to recapture state houses and state legislatures before the crucial redistricting decisions which follow the next census.

Moderates also argue that another Reagan-Ford contest would surely perpetuate and deepen the GOP's divisions and leave either man easy pickings for Jimmy Carter. They figure that with these facts in mind, a fundamental Republican appetite to win back the White House will prevail and somehow neither Reagan nor Ford will be nominated.

Moderates also think that Reagan's supporters vastly overestimate their man's assets. The fact that he has run before and is running yet may produce nothing more than a candidate who has been around the track too many times, and one can take just so much exposure. There were elements of that problem in

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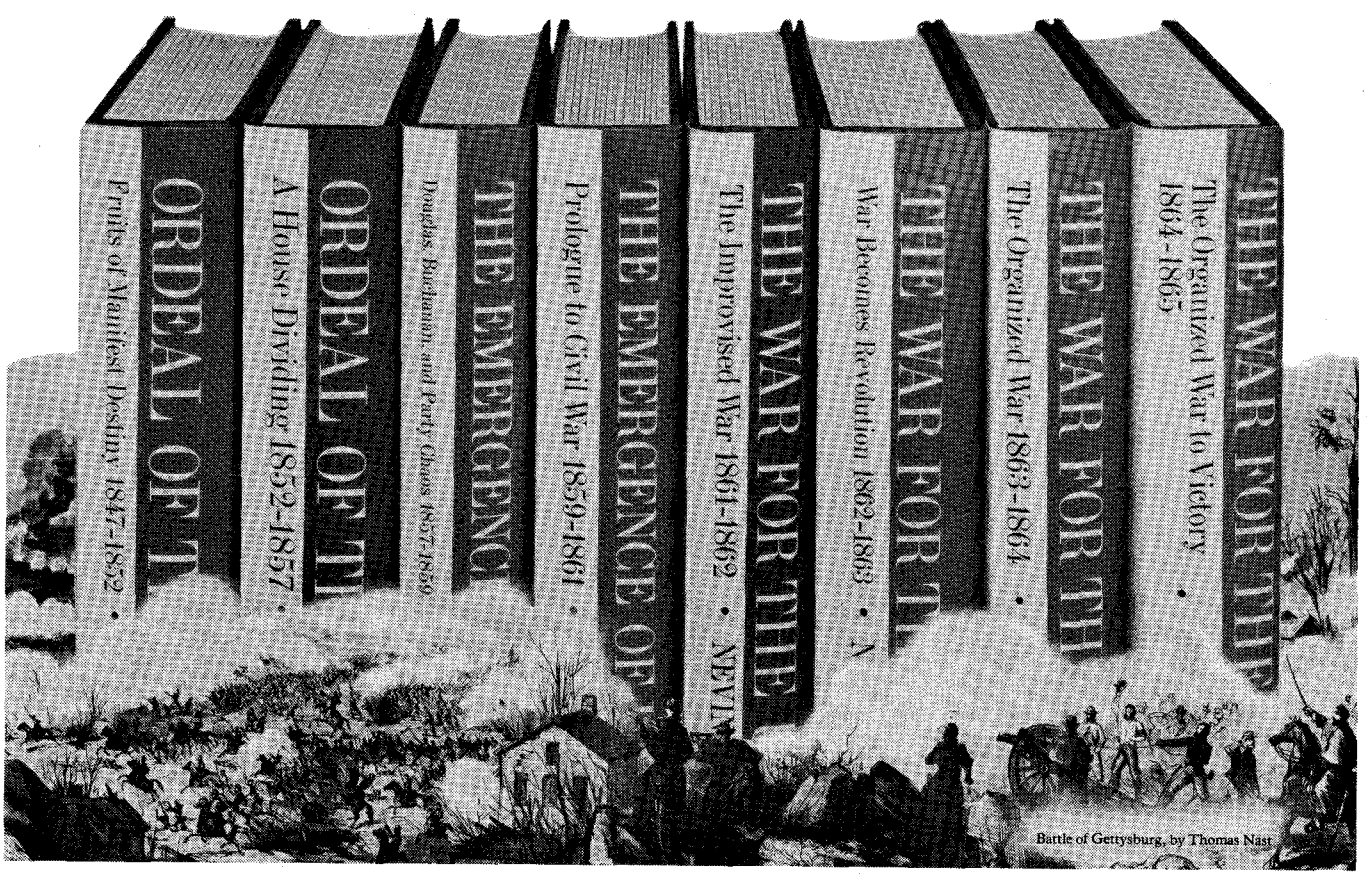
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Battle of Gettysburg, by Thomas Nast

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Jimmy Carter's nosedive in the final primaries of 1976. Voters just got tired of Carter and all his success; he was over-exposed, and ultimately he was burnt out by the media.

Conceding Reagan the frontrunnership may not really be giving much away. Reagan, with his money, his vaunted personal organization, and his grass roots base in the party, will add up to nothing more than Edmund Muskie did in 1972, unless he wins some primaries in the early going. A frontrunner cannot enjoy the luxury of a late kick, and the more formidable he seems at the outset the faster the air rushes out of the campaign balloon.

Finally there is the matter of age. Ronald Reagan will be 69 in 1980, and an actuarial long shot for a second term. "That," says conservative analyst Keven Phillips, "is an advantage nominating conventions hate to yield." It's also a problem that the Reagan organization concedes by implication; "69 is not old in '80," say the bumper strips. American voters presently display a strong preference for younger candidates, and the prominence of age increases geometrically when the office in question is that of president. That this may be Ronald Reagan's most damaging liability has led some of his advisers to speculate that the issue might be deflected by announcing Reagan's intentions to serve only one term. "No good," says Lyn Nofziger. "You can't promise Americans a lame duck president from the beginning. One of the strengths of the presidency is that the fellow will be around tomorrow and remember. The threat of running again and being re-elected is about the only party discipline we have in this country."

Reagan's decision, when it comes, will depend on his health, the advice and counsel of his wife, Nancy, and how vulnerable Jimmy Carter seems then to be. This time, at least, he won't have to be courted and captured by his own supporters. If he does run, most of his advisers say he'll have to decide by early 1979, not necessarily *announce*, but give the preliminary go-ahead to his organizers. Reagan can't delay too long, they reason, because if he decides not to run he won't want to prevent another conservative from getting a good start. As is often the case, John Sears takes a different view: "Ho ho," says Sears, "Reagan's the one candidate who has the luxury of being able to wait."

But if Reagan lingers too long on the sidelines and things begin to get rolling with Baker, Thompson and others, a Dole or a Crane or someone else will inevitably be tempted into an active candidacy. Also a Reagan decision not to run assures a fragmentation on the GOP right, with no guarantee whatever that the party can be held together for another general election. That prospect may impress Ronald Reagan, who views himself as a Republican and a conservative, in that order, and a man of duty to boot.

Ken Bode

A secret passage to the past.

Second-Hand

We buy daydreams when we buy second-hand. We invite a ghost to the house with a rocking chair of carved mahogany and horsehair seat. We may get more than we bargained for with a $9.75 tweed jacket of many colors.

A second-hand object is a refugee—a fugitive from the past, a gossip, a poet of glory and hard luck.

A second-hand shop is a congress of memories, a delicatessen of sighs. A silver mesh purse offers an excursion into the worlds of ladies-in-waiting, great-aunts who were in love but once and women who entertained only the finest gentlemen in town. A pair of bent and dented candlesticks chronicle family tradition and war, the acquisition of wealth and the fate of a revolution. My wife once fell for a silk taffeta dress, transmitted by the Salvation Army, that had a scent of lavender no dry-cleaning could overcome.

A second-hand object says: "I have prevailed over the passions and the negligence of man. I have been at the pedestal of his appreciation. I have evaded the garbage heap. I have survived."

To some of us, a second-hand object is a reminder of the precariousness of our hold on life and property. To others, the piety of its craftsmanship or its message of perseverance offers an illusion of exemption from mortality.

We fear the black hole of oblivion. Our society tells us not to think of what may lie beyond, in Hamlet's undiscover'd country, but always to look forward, to learn to absorb Future Shock even before it comes.

An alternative is to cast a glance back: to search for permanence and to acquire loyalties. A second-hand object lessens our isolation and loneliness; it gives us a share in another life. It frees us from claims that we are neither borrowers from the past nor lenders to the future, that we are exclusively here and now, transfixed in the current year of the Space Age.

We cross the frontiers of this moment and this place when wearing a rhinestone-studded evening gown from the 1930s or rehabilitating a Victorian brownstone.

Don Quixote thinking himself a knight errant invited tragedy; Miniver Cheevy preferring the Middle Ages was perhaps laughable. But it isn't necessarily a case of escapism or melancholy anachronism when someone finds a secret passage to the youth of his grandparents.

A recognition of continuity gives comfort and reassurance: Our identities are not unique or unprecedented but reflect kinship—which is the opposite of alienation—with other people in other times. Our characters can echo a scholarly recluse or a tribal chieftain, a faithful scribe or a heretic burned at the stake.

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There is a peculiar strength that flows from recurrence, remembrance, restoration. It is a kind of magic—for magic is the power released when elements seemingly disparate are joined. Magic is another word for energy gained from that which is no longer hidden, ignored or forgotten.

Charles Fenyvesi

Charles Fenyvesi is a Washington writer.

In Rhodesia, Carter backs the Rejection Front.

Lost in Africa

A year ago it would have strained credulity to suggest that the Carter administration might do as poorly in handling Rhodesia as its predecessor. The new team got off to a fast start, firmly stating our support for African aspirations and quickly persuading Congress to kill the Byrd Amendment which had permitted US chrome imports in violation of UN sanctions. Within three months of the inauguration, Ambassador Andrew Young and British Foreign Secretary David Owen had set forth on an ambitious venture in multilateral mediation, criscrossing the continent to consult almost every conceivable party. By last September 1, the Anglo-American plan for a Rhodesian settlement had been drawn up and published, signalling an end to the days of covert policy-making on Southern Africa.

For the past five months, our diplomats have been exploring possibilities for implementing the plan, most recently on Malta, where Young and Owen sought to enlist co-operation from Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe, leaders of the Patriotic Front that is waging guerrilla war against Rhodesia. Young said the Malta talks were "more a seminar than a bargaining session." Nkomo and Mugabe said that a "higher level of understanding" was reached. In reality, however, nothing was achieved that might hasten a settlement of either of the two conflicts going on in Rhodesia: the black-white struggle over ending white rule and the black-black contest over who will rule Zimbabwe. The Malta seminar represents the logical development of a sterile line of policy that was rather harmless until recently, but which now threatens to become destructive and downright dangerous.

The Anglo-American plan reads less like a diplomatic initiative than a moral treatise on what *ought* to happen in Rhodesia if men were reasonable, fair and trusting. The transition to black rule would be "orderly and peaceful." The new Zimbabwe army would be "loyal" and the civil service "non-political." Minorities would be given "adequate representation," and all citizens would enjoy "security, but not privilege, under the rule of law." The plan reflects a new, non-coercive and non-manipulative western diplomacy in which all participants are given a virtual veto over the settlement process while our own political objectives are left unstated. Apart from good intentions and abstract principles, the plan's main ingredient is ambiguity. No political movement or community can predict with the slightest confidence how it would fare at the hands of the interim British administration leading to black rule. Four distinct military formations would remain in being during the transition, only one of which would report directly to the British. Not surprisingly, each camp has interpreted the Anglo-American plan as an invitation to leap into the dark, and has seized upon those aspects that favor its interests while pressing for change in everything else.

As the inevitable stalemate approached last November, Ian Smith revived the concept of an internal settlement in which he, not the British, would be the decolonizer. To provide an impetus, he announced his sudden conversion to the principle (long demanded by his African and other foes) of one-man, one-vote elections leading to the early establishment of a black government. The internally-based nationalist leaders—Bishop Abel Muzorewa and Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole—responded quickly and favorably. Over the past two months, the internal talks in Salisbury have made significant progress, and they could result in the formation of an interim coalition government, the holding of elections under adult suffrage, and the emergency of an African-ruled Zimbabwe before the end of 1978. It is by no means certain that Smith and his African interlocutors will succeed in overcoming the many potential obstacles that remain—adjusting the composition of the security forces, determining who is eligible to contest elections, and deciding how to organize voting in the absence of a cease-fire. But the internal parties want above all to obtain international support for their settlement and avoid producing an ostracized black government facing both military pressures and diplomatic isolation and economic sanctions as well.

In these circumstances, the Anglo-American plan itself has become a trap and an obstacle. Muzorewa and Sithole must negotiate with Smith while comparing their every move with the plan's utopian definitions of a "legitimate" transfer of power. Meanwhile, Nkomo and Mugabe—who were the first to criticize the plan last fall but who now feel threatened by Smith's initiative—have suddenly discovered new virtues in our diplomacy. For them, the Anglo-American plan constitutes the best available means to discredit the internal talks as a sell-out. Our authorship of these unworkable but high-minded proposals has given the Patriotic Front leaders a form of leverage over western policy. These things were all predictable when the plan

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was first published. Less predictable has been our furious effort to deepen the trap we dug for ourselves. A senior State Department official categorically dismissed the internal settlement process as "unacceptable to us and to the international community." At Malta we thickened our connections to the Patriotic Front. Down the road we can expect African-initiated measures to obtain UN condemnation of the internal settlement and to recognize the legitimacy of the Front, thus offering us new opportunities to narrow our own options. Meanwhile, our diplomats have firmly refused to offer any substantive public comment on the issues under discussion in Salisbury, arguing that this would lend credence to the internal talks and ultimately succeed in getting us "sucked in."

If the internal talks offer hope of defusing this conflict, why are we against them? The issue has occasioned little apparent debate within the Administration and only passing discordant notes in Congress. Doubters, few in number to begin with, have been silent. In one or two cases at the State Department and Pentagon, they have been silenced. The harmony is not surprising, since the administration's key actors on Southern Africa policy at the UN, the National Security Council and in State's Africa bureau and Policy Planning Staff operate on a common wave length. There is almost universal deference to Ambassador Young's views on issues in which he has become deeply and personally engaged. A close identity of view with a handful of key Congressional staffers in the Africa subcommittees completes the picture. In few areas of foreign policy is a "new network" of policymakers as firmly established or as closed to dissenting voices. To compound the problem, first-hand knowledge of Rhodesia is in very short supply. Long-standing policies against official contact with, or travel to, Rhodesia has been tightened. Internal coverage by VOA correspondents and on-site intelligence collection are prohibited. There are probably few situations in which we are so dependent for information and authoritative analysis on other, interested parties.

Our current posture rests on a series of assumptions more or less widely shared by the Africa team. First, this Administration is not prepared to part company with the Nigerians and the black "frontline states" bordering Rhodesia. These states, it is argued, have backed Organization for African Unity resolutions proclaiming the Patriotic Front to be the legitimate representative of Zimbabwean nationalism. As one official put it, to backtrack now on the Anglo-American plan would "kill Andy Young with the Africans." The Administration seems to have decided to win the smoothest possible relations with the maximum number of states, and to do it by repeating whatever the Africans are saying in public.

By imputing a false unity and firmness to the African governments, we could be constructing a self-fulfilling prophecy. We underestimate Africa's ambivalence on Rhodesia and ignore the Africans' long record of pragmatic accommodation to political facts. Given the weak, war-torn economies and minimal military strength of its neighboring states, a black Zimbabwe government which issued from the internal talks would have a good opportunity to establish itself. There is no reason to assume that other Africans would persist in a sterile confrontation serving no one's interests except the Patriotic Front's. Ironically, it is our diplomacy which is keeping everyone's attention fixed upon the Front and on our plan as the only legitimate instrument for achieving black aspirations in Zimbabwe.

A second major US premise is that the domestic political climate here prohibits support for an internal settlement or even calculated ambiguity about our intentions. Since we would not be prepared to support a contested black government in Africa or to take sides, the safest course is to align ourselves with whatever seems the prevailing consensus in Africa. US officials anticipate that we could always switch bandwagons if African sentiment were somehow to swing behind an elected black government that emerged from the internal talks. African hostility to the internal deal is confirmed, we would retain a popular diplomatic posture and a basis for future relations with the ultimate liberators. It all seems very painless.

In fact, we cannot devise a cost-free position by simply refusing to exercise western political will. The reason to avoid rigid, public support for the Patriotic Front leadership is not that it is politically or ideologically threatening to western interests, but that, left to its own resources, the Front can only achieve victory in the black-black struggle through prolonged violence. Nkomo and Mugabe justifiably doubt their ability to win elections, so they have been pressing for changes in the Anglo-American plan which would give them electoral advantages against their internal rivals.

A third premise in official thinking is that Smith cannot be trusted. He will either drag out the internal talks to buy a few more months of white rule or he will sell Muzorewa and Sithole some devious scheme to hand over formal power while retaining "real" control in white hands. The animus against Smith, which creeps into occasional remarks to the press, is a private fixation of the Africa team, and it is only strengthened by our British associates who have been nurturing their distaste for him over the past 12 years. As a result, we have devised a policy which provides only two avenues for settling the Rhodesian conflict: under our plan, Smith must surrender politically to the British; if he is

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unwilling to do that, then the guerrillas will be left free to take him militarily.

It is true that Smith's ability to outlast a string of western leaders and all but a handful of fellow African potentates surely marks him as a crafty political survivor. But, there is no hope for continued white rule. Even the game of playing for time is up, and blacks and whites both know it. Emigration (running at about 1000 persons per month) and the war's rising economic impact are the critical pressures. Whites realize, begrudgingly, that their best hope lies in an early transition to a black government prepared to "inherit" the existing economic/administrative system.

On the other hand, the balance of military force has not yet shifted decisively against the whites. No outside power is prepared to help attack them, and the neighboring African states represent little more than a vast free-fire zone into which Rhodesian security forces can move at will. Rhodesia's six largest towns, accounting for nearly 80 percent of the whites, have been remarkably quiet despite the proximate presence of some 800,000 African urban dwellers. The liberation forces have had some successes in the rural areas, but the African countryside of Rhodesia is by no means a revolutionary sea. In the 18 months that have passed since the Ford Administration told Smith he could hang on for only another 18 months, the government has increased its reliance on African troops (now over 70 percent of the combat forces) and police. Clearly, more is at work in this society than a life and death struggle between the African masses and a four percent white minority. The Smith government is in a position to demand that it be involved in the process by which its successor is chosen, and this will hold true until the white position collapses, which is still some way down the road. Thus, the argument for keeping open the option of support for an internal settlement is that it is probably the only way to get the whites out of power before the country has been wrecked by war.

The final and decisive assumption in Carter Administration policy is that the war will not stop after an internal settlement. The logic goes that any effort to preempt the guerrillas by supporting a "stooge" government will engender the hostility of Zimbabweans, and will fail. Such reasoning, borrowed from the broader mythology of Third World liberation, does violence to the facts in Rhodesia and Africa. If the African population shared a common commitment to ideologically "pure" solutions and a revolutionary transformation of society, Smith and his supporters would not be in office today. Successful multi-tribal insurgencies are a rarity in post-colonial Africa, and it will be no easy thing to organize mass-based rebellion against an incumbent and elected black government. Success would depend upon the readiness of the neighboring states, their Communist arms suppliers, and, yes, the United States, to back the guerrilla cause. This is not to say that the war would end if Muzorewa or Sithole took over; it would not. But, the conflict among Rhodesia's nationalist factions has already been militarized, and there is no reason to suppose that the genie can be put back into the bottle.

The "stooge" argument leveled against Smith's negotiating partners grossly misconstrues the nature of the Zimbabwe nationalist movement and the issues behind its divisions. None of the key leaders—Nkomo, Sithole, Mugabe, Muzorewa or James Chikerema—can be dismissed as a puppet or pawn of the whites, or of the external powers for that matter. Ideological labeling imposed from abroad misses the core issue which is everyone's uncertainty over the ground rules by which political competition will be resolved. These are men of a common political generation who share a tolerance for any technique that would help them achieve power. Their stance today reflects a pragmatic reading of how best to advance their interests. Muzorewa, for example, has perhaps the widest popular following but the weakest organization and the least effective diplomacy in OAU circles. It is in his interest to run for office in the first available election. Nkomo, who criticizes his internal rivals for selling out, was the leading proponent of bilateral, internal talks with Smith back in 1975-76. Sithole, the other ranking nationalist veteran, returned to Rhodesia because he was outmaneuvered in tribal power play. Mugabe, once Sithole's revolutionary partner, was the beneficiary of this maneuver and his hard-line militancy reflects his dependence upon a guerrilla base he does not control. The Patriotic Front itself is neither a political movement nor a fighting force, but a loose tactical alignment between two rival leaders and movements. Efforts to fuse the two parties and armies (which have clashed within the country) have failed repeatedly.

What *should* the United States be doing? There is no formula that can simultaneously settle the black-white conflict and bring about an orderly transition to black rule. But there are alternatives to joining the rejectionist front of Mugabe and Nkomo and thus assuring that, eventually, Zimbabwe undergoes the ordeal of "peoples' war." An open-ended western endorsement of the internal talks is not appropriate at this stage, given the many unresolved issues, and it could be counterproductive. As Colin Legum argued in these columns two months ago (*TNR*, Dec. 17, 1977), "the only sensible policy is to encourage any form of negotiations that offers a chance of free elections." We should be keeping our options open, ready to serve as a channel of communication between all parties on the issues under discussion in Salisbury. We should *not* get ourselves committed to groups and policies dedicated to violence, most of whose victims inevitably will be black.

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What have we done for her lately?

Turkey Turns Away

by Bernard Lewis

The government of Prime Minister Bülent Ecevit has assumed power at a time when the mood of most politically conscious Turks is one of disappointment with the West—disappointment verging on revulsion. For more than a century, the Turks have been westernizing—and doing so deliberately for the last 50 years at least. This westernization has affected them both internally and internationally. Within Turkey there has been a gradual, painful but nevertheless genuine development of a western way of life, with a mixed economy and a parliamentary democracy, renewed and sustained despite successive revolutions and upheavals. Despite the continuing crisis resulting from the absence of an effective parliamentary majority for any party in the Assembly, Turkey has retained a committment to democracy. Internationally, The Turkish Republic, after a period of neutrality, identified itself with the West in the Anglo-Franco-Turkish alliance of 1939. Since the announcement of the Truman Doctrine in 1947, Turkey has pursued a generally pro-Western alignment in international affairs. Turkey dispatched a brigade to Korea in 1950 and remains firmly committed to the Council of Europe, to NATO and to CENTO.

This westernization has not been easy for the Turks. It has imposed a crisis of identity upon a people who, after all, came from Asia, professed Islam and belonged by tradition to the Middle Eastern Islamic world where for many centuries they had been unchallenged leaders. Modern Turkey was regarded in some Muslim and Asian countries as a betrayer of both Islam and Asia. The Turks frequently were denounced in India and elsewhere as lackeys of the West—slavish imitators who had renounced their heritage and had forfeited their self-respect.

At first, the Turks were untroubled by such criticisms. They were barely aware of most of it, which in any event came from sources to which they attached no importance. Nor were they much more troubled by the tension and hostility between themselves and the Soviet Union. To most Turks, Russia was the power that had wrested many territories from the Ottoman Empire and still ruled over the greater part of the Turkish peoples. Communism was a disruptive movement that sought to destroy all that was best in the Turkish revolution and revival. To most Turks, Russia was the hereditary and implacable enemy against which they always needed the close friendship and support of the West.

Even inside Turkey, there were groups that opposed this westernization. In recent years these groups have begun to acquire some political importance. This new importance derives from two sources. The first is the new democracy in Turkey—freedom of the press, freedom of discussion in the universities, free and open elections—which gave an opportunity for the expression of opinions, some old and deep-rooted, some new and fashionable, which previously had been repressed or suppressed. The second factor is the changing international situation and the vastly increased importance of countries and regions that the Turks previously had been accustomed to disregard.

Criticism of westernization came mostly from three sources. The first source was the upholders of traditional Islam, those who had opposed the abolition of the Sultanate, the abrogation of the Holy Law, the reform of the alphabet and the transformation of Turkey into a secular, modern republic. Under Atatürk, and to a lesser extent under his successors, traditionalist views were suppressed and were without political effect. In the democratic republic they find free expression and command blocs of votes. Of course these are small blocs. In the 1973 and 1977 elections the Republican People's Party, campaigning on a program of modernism, received 33.3 percent and 41.6 percent of the votes, while the National Salvation Party, the parliamentary exponent of militant Islamism, dropped from 11.8 percent to 8.6 percent of the votes. But Islamic themes occur frequently in the election propaganda of the other parties. And the inability of any party to get a stable majority of its own, along with strong international support from other Islamic countries, have given the views of the National Salvation Party an influence out of proportion to its size. Just after World War II the militant Islamic Republic of Pakistan attempted to promote Islamic movements in Turkey, but these attempts came to nothing and may even have had a backlash effect. Today, the forces of political pan-Islamism are vastly more powerful than they were and are sustained by immense economic power.

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A second source of criticism against Turkish Westernization is what might be called fashionable pan-leftism—fashionable ideologies and even more fashionable postures imported, primarily, from Paris, London and New York. These are of course opposed to the United States, to the Western alliance, to the Council of Europe, to NATO, to capitalist economics, to military alliances, to non-Soviet bases and the rest. Such views now command overwhelming support in intellectual and, more particularly, in academic circles, where intellectual leftism has achieved a position of tyrannical power that is not far short of that which it enjoys in France.

As in other countries this fashionable leftism is often associated with another vogue: third worldism—a desire to identify with third world movements against the West. For young Turks this sympathy for the third world has an added poignancy: but for the choices of Atatürk and his associates they too could have had the opportunity to be sinless Afro-Asians instead of guilt-ridden Europeans.

The influence of these opposition movements is growing in a country shaken by a series of severe economic crises and subject to political tensions arising from both foreign and domestic problems. They have been nurtured by the feeling of disappointment and betrayal and more particularly the sense of being abandoned, isolated and friendless in a hostile world. In a world where almost all countries are organized in groups or blocs, the Turks find themselves alone: not part of the Islamic bloc, not part of the third world bloc, not part of the Communist bloc and, as they see it, forsaken and betrayed by the Western bloc to which they had made such great efforts to belong.

The feeling of disappointment began almost 30 years ago, when the Cyprus question entered the public debate. Already at that time, before the ending of British colonial rule, a feeling was growing in Turkey that on this issue the West was with the Greeks and against them. A common argument heard at the time—and with far greater urgency and frequency since then—was that even though Turkey had tried so hard to become part of Europe, even though Turkey had rendered such loyal service to various European causes, nevertheless "when it comes to the crunch you are with the Greeks and against us because the Greeks are Christians and we are Muslims." Among the educated elite the charge often takes a slightly different form: that the Greeks are the spoiled and pampered children of the West, which sees in them the heirs of ancient Hellas. Such feelings have been encouraged by what is seen in Turkey as a negative and unwelcoming attitude towards them by the European Economic Community (as contrasted with the friendlier and more welcoming attitude toward Greece). Above all, the Turks believe the United States has failed to give them the support that they deserve, and, in particular, to appreciate the strategic importance of Cyprus to Turkey. The Turks believe their exemplary patience on the Cyprus question during the long years of Greek rule and oppression of the Turkish minority went unnoticed and unrewarded. When they sought to enforce their rights in 1964, they were held back by threats from President Johnson—an incident that is still remembered and resented, and is regarded by many Turks as a turning point in their relationship with the US.

All this is insignificant compared to more recent developments in Cyprus. Some Turks draw a bitter contrast between the Egyptian-Syrian attack in October 1973 and their own invasion of Cyprus in the following year. The Egyptians and Syrians, at that time seen as hostile to the United States, launched a military attack against Israel, generally seen as a close ally of the United States. Far from being rebuked in any way, they were given diplomatic, political and other rewards. When the Turks too decided to take unilateral military action in defense of what they saw as their vital national interests—and, moreover, did so in accordance with rights conferred upon them by previous agreements—they were given very different treatment. As they see it, they were subjected to humiliating pressures and placed in a position of great danger. This reinforced growing Turkish doubts about the value of the American alliance. They saw a lack of purpose and clarity in American policy, an occasional inability to distinguish between friends and enemies, and an alarming fickleness.

The US embargo on arms to Turkey and the effort to force Turkey to make concessions to Greece were a bitter blow to the government of Prime Minister Suleyman Demirel, which had staked its political future on the Western alliance and which had great difficulty in surviving with a narrow-based coalition including two extremist parties, one pan-Turkist and the other Islamic. Pressures from inside grew steadily and since there were no improvements in Turkish-American relations, the Demirel government was soon in deep trouble. Political critics of the government demanded a stronger line in dealing with both Americans and Greeks. In response to these voices, Demirel reluctantly closed down the American bases. Turks are keenly aware of their importance to the United States, and have a sometimes unrealistic belief in American awareness of that importance. Many maintain that the American need for Turkey is greater than the Turkish need for America. But even without such beliefs, their pride will not allow them to accept what they see as the status of a satellite.

Turkish military experts are afraid that if the United States continues to send military supplies to Greece and withholds them from Turkey, a dangerous imbalance between the armed forces of the two countries would result. Greece and Turkey confront each other today in the Aegean—not through proxies, and on familiar ground, as in Cyprus, but in unknown waters, and face

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to face. The change in relative strengths of the armies and navies is fairly slow, but the imbalance between the air forces is developing very rapidly. Some senior Turkish officers argue that if this continues, Turkey would have no option but to launch a preemptive strike. They point out that the preemptive strike and the undeclared war have been made respectable in the Middle East.

If the US continues to withhold arms from Turkey, hedges arms sales with unacceptable conditions, the Turks will find it impossible to maintain its Western alignment.

But where else can they go? Some have argued for a third-world type of neutrality and alignment with India and other countries in this group. They argue the need to win third world support for their cause against Greece, and express alarm at the immense voting majorities for Greece among the third world nations at the UN. These nations dismiss the reality that Greece, too, is a NATO country with a Western alignment, referring to the third-world line followed by Makarios. Turkish statesmen are well aware that third worldism is an illusion—that there is little possibility of collecting third-world votes in the United Nations, and that even if they succeed it would do nothing to help them in any real emergency. Nevertheless, they know that such policies are politically popular.

Another line is that of pan-Islam. Here there has been a notable change in Turkish policy. Previously the Turkish Republic, as a secular, modern state, shunned all Islamic groupings and was represented, if at all, by unofficial observers at inter-Islamic governments. Under Demirel Turkey began to send high officials to represent it at such meetings. In May 1976, Turkey invited the Islamic Foreign Ministers' conference to convene in Istanbul and joined, albeit with some reservations, in supporting a series of strongly pan-Islamic resolutions. These condemned almost all non-Muslim powers ruling over Muslim populations except in India and the Soviet Union. In dealing with Islamic countries there is a further consideration beyond the desire to gain votes from the Greeks at the UN: the hope of economic gain, partly through commerical links with the oil countries and partly through what is seen as a natural export market for the developing industries of Turkey. It is argued that the Turks may have little chance of industrial exports to the Western world, but they may find a natural market in Islamic Africa where their prestige as a leading Muslim nation would help them. This economic argument seems to carry more weight than the mirage of Arabian petrodollars, to which experienced Turks do not seem to attach great importance.

Most Turkish leaders are hard-headed and well aware that the third-world and Islamic blocs have little real political and even less military power, and that in the event of a confrontation with the Soviet Union—a possibility that all Turks worry about—such alliances would be worthless. Nevertheless, these alliances are believed to have short-term value. If America abandons Turkey, or if America acts in a way that compels Turkey to abandon America, then the leaders would not wish to be left in total isolation with nowhere else to go but to the Soviet bloc. The third world and Islamic alternatives might tide the government over a domestic crisis by presenting an acceptable illusion of solidarity to the Turkish people and allowing them to believe that they are not entirely alone in the world.

Such a calculation is not unreasonable, and might indeed help the government to survive a difficult transition period. But for a country in the position of Turkey, on the southern border of the Soviet Union, the kind of policies pursued by India or Syria are simply not possible.

Some Turks favor a Swedish-style neutrality. This is self-evidently impossible. Turkey lacks the social, industrial and political stability and power of Sweden. Furthermore, Sweden has Finland on one side and NATO on the other, while Turkey has the Soviet Union on one side and the Arab world on the other—a much less secure position. Others frankly recognize the impossibility of a Swedish stance and hope to achieve a Finnish-style neutrality, though even here their position would be less favorable than that of Finland, which has proved itself in two bloody wars and has, moreover, the advantage of Sweden and NATO on its Western flank. Turkey on the contrary would be surrounded by enemies or lukewarm friends.

There are few in Turkey who wish to join the Soviet orbit. They know very well what this would mean—a status at best like that of Finland, more probably like that of Czechoslovakia or Poland or possibly even of Uzbekistan. But Turks are realists and always have refused to depend on unpredictable help from elsewhere. There are already many kinds of accommodation with the Soviet Union, as for example the mending of the diplomatic fences and concessions in such matters as maritime passage through the Straits and overflights across Turkish territory. There has even been some cultural rapprochement. What was previously a danger to Turkish-Russian relations—the presence of large Turkish communities in the Soviet empire—has been turned by the Russians into a kind of advantage. Parties of Turkish artists, lecturers and others have been invited to visit the Turkic republics of the USSR while performers from these republics have been sent to Turkey. The numbers of Turkics in the USSR is rising rapidly; they may soon outnumber the Slavs. Their position on both sides of the Soviet-Chinese frontier gives them a vital strategic importance. The potential role of Turkey, as the leading Turkic power and indeed the only independent state in the Turkic world, has grown accordingly, and for this reason too the Russians must seek to win over or at least neutralize the Turkish leadership.

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The two major parties in Turkey, which together polled 78.3 percent of the votes, both support continued westernization. The real danger is not the triumph of a pro-Soviet force inside Turkey, but rather alienation and drift. These easily could cause the detachment of Turkey from its Western allies and the gradual growth of Soviet influence to the point where, in a country with a common frontier with the USSR, the process becomes irreversible.

If Turkey goes, Iran will follow. With Soviet power established in Turkey the Russians at last would have the territorial contiguity which they have hitherto lacked and which has made all their successes in the Arab lands, however great, ultimately precarious. Turkey is the Soviet key to the Middle East—and the Middle East is the key to Asia and Africa.

A politician too good to be Vice President.

Memories of Hubert

by Eugene J. McCarthy

The last time I saw Hubert Humphrey was at the Washington Hilton Hotel, at the fundraising banquet for the Hubert Humphrey Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Minnesota. He was being escorted back to his table by President Carter, after speaking to the audience of his optimism and continuing belief in democracy and in America.

We embraced, spoke each other's name—that was all. I had seen and talked to him about six weeks earlier in the Democratic cloakroom of the Senate building, during the time when he was strong enough to return to the Senate. We had a brief conversation—cut short by a Senator who interrupted the conversation to speak to Senator Humphrey about Senate matters. At the time of the interruption, Senator Humphrey was reminiscing about former days on the campaign trail and in the Senate. He had said that he would like one more good meeting in Minnesota, like those we had known. "You," he said to me, "could give the philosophy and some jokes—I could give the issues and the pep talk. The guest speaker would not even want to come on, and everyone there would be happy."

He was right. Such a rally would have been more in character for Senator Humphrey, and, I believe, more satisfying to him than the Hilton Hotel dinner program conducted by the Las Vegas joke-teller Alan King.

I first met Hubert Humphrey when he was mayor of Minneapolis, hosting in city hall a meeting to organize the Americans for Democratic Action in Minnesota. This was preliminary to the efforts in 1947 and 1948 to gain effective control over the Democratic Farmer Labor Party, which although formally and legally a political union, had had no measurable success (with the single exception of the election of John Blatnik to the House of Representatives in the election of 1946).

I became the chairman of the DFL party in Ramsey County (this county was made up principally of the City of St. Paul) and subsequently the party candidate for election to Congress. 1948 was a year of great

In the beginning was the whistle-stop: HHH, HST and the author (1948).

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success for the DFL. Hubert Humphrey was elected to the Senate, Congressman Blatnik was re-elected, three other candidates for Congress were elected giving the DFL one of two Senators from Minnesota, and four out of nine Congressmen. We had a great victory dinner at a Minneapolis hotel. All of the victorious congressional candidates spoke, followed by Senator-elect Humphrey. The dinner began at about seven o'clock. As we were leaving the hotel, about eleven-thirty, a woman ahead of me said to her companion, "Thank God we didn't elect all nine Congressmen. . . we would have been kept here until three in the morning." There was a lot to talk about in 1948.

In 1952, at the Democratic party convention in Chicago, I nominated Hubert Humphrey as Minnesota's favorite son candidate for the presidency. In that speech I said of Senator Humphrey, "He is a true proponent of democracy. For him, freedom and equality, human dignity and brotherhood, are not mere abstractions, subject only to the deliberation of philosophers, and to the lip service of politicians, but ideals to be realized in a democratic society. Hubert Humphrey does not support or offer a watered-down, bargain basement variety of democracy. His demand is for a measure of dedication, and inspired confidence that, in a democratic system, we can progressively achieve a more perfect society based upon justice and freedom. . . "

It was, more or less, a standard nominating speech, excepting that what might have been judged cliches when applied to some candidates, genuinely applied to Hubert Humphrey. I would have been glad to give the same speech for Senator Humphrey, or a similar one, in 1956, 1960, 1964 and—barring the Vietnam War—in 1968, not as a favorite son candidate but as a national candidate.

The war in Vietnam was an issue of a different kind. It did not lend itself to politics as is usually the case. Even the language of the platform planks was almost irrelevant. The reality was the war. The issue was whether one was for it or against it. This war was much like two other wrenching experiences in our nation's history. One was the American Revolution itself, in which the line between Tory and Revolutionary (or, as each side preferred to call itself, Loyalist and Patriot) was a line which once crossed, never allowed for re-crossing or full reconciliation. The issue was not negotiable—the first judgment became the final judgment, and beyond appeal. So, too with the Civil War, where the issue was loyalty to the Union, without qualification. Once the difficult choice was made, there was no retreat, no accommodation, and little forgiveness.

In the case of the War in Vietnam, sides were not drawn early. But by 1968, and certainly by the time of the Chicago convention, the lines were drawn. The differences were absolute, and whether or not one wanted the issue to be personalized, it was.

In retrospect, it seems clear that this fixing and personalization of positions took place at the time of President Johnson's withdrawal. The President did have a choice. He could have remained a candidate and could have been re-nominated. But the cost of that would have been a yielding on the issue of Vietnam. His alternative was to give up the race, even the presidency, and retain control over the issue of the war. If we are to believe inside reports, he did threaten during the campaign to denounce publicly any indication of departure from his war policy.

Senator Humphrey understood this. It was a condition of his being nominated, imposed not by the convention but by the President. Senator Humphrey was not against the war. He repeatedly denied that he was, although he said that he had doubts about its justification and certainly some doubts about the way in which it was being fought. In my judgment, his hesitation or failure to express these doubts was not so much (if at all) the result of fear of public disagreement with the President, or of private confrontation. Rather, it was a result of personal loyalty to the President.

The basis of this loyalty was principally President Johnson's selection of Senator Humphrey to be his vice-presidential running mate in the 1964 campaign. Following his defeat in the 1960 primaries by John Kennedy, Senator Humphrey thought that his chances for the presidency were ended. He wanted to be President, not because of excessive ambition, but because he so genuinely believed in politics and government as a way of bringing about order and justice. He had a sense of mission, almost a vocation, to spend his life in politics. To be effective politically, he believed, one had to be in office, and to be most effective, one had to be in the most important office, the most powerful one, the presidency.

He did not spurn lesser offices. After his vice-presidency and his 1968 presidential bid, he returned to the Senate. If that opportunity had not been present, he would have been willing, even eager, I believe, to hold a lesser office, perhaps even to become mayor of Minneapolis again.

Hubert Humphrey was forgiving to a fault. At the 1956 Democratic Convention, one of his old political companions and supporters endorsed Estes Kefauver over Humphrey for the vice-presidential nomination. Senator Humphrey was deeply hurt and distressed by this action of a man whom he considered both a friend and a political ally. At the time I said to him, "I don't care if you are angry at him or not. But why don't you at least pretend for a while that you are? And the next time he calls you to address his organization, suggest that he get Estes to entertain the troops." He didn't take my advice. So, too in 1964, he need not have allowed President Johnson to play vice presidential games with him, for he had the support of the labor movement, of the farm groups and of the liberals. President Johnson

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should have thanked Hubert Humphrey for accepting the nomination; instead it was Senator Humphrey in Atlantic City, thanking President Johnson, "for his faith and confidence in me."

He and others joked about his long speeches. He did give long speeches—I heard many of them. It was not that he liked giving long speeches, and not just that he had a lot to say, although this did figure in the length. It was something more basic. Hubert liked words and language. In a speech, he was sometimes like a trumpet player. He would go along rather quietly with little inspiration, and then the inspiration would come. What he said or how he said it would sometimes surprise even Hubert.

I recall one such experience in the early '50s, during the Eisenhower administration. Senator Humphrey was being very restrained, in language and political deportment. He was being most considerate of the President and of the Republicans. (The press had begun to write of the "New Humphrey.") And then, in the middle of a structured and contained speech, he took off. "Ike," he said, was "a bird in the gilded cage—kept by the Republicans in the parlor, where he sang sweet songs to all who passed the window, while back in the kitchen the Republican blackbirds were eating up the public pie." The speech went on from that to even greater heights. Subsequently, I asked him what had happened to the "New Humphrey." He laughed, and said something like, "How about that? I just heard the whistle blow."

In a way, his gift of language was a political handicap. In American politics you can say rather extreme, even radical, things if you say them in such a way that people don't remember what you said or that you said them. In Hubert's case, what was said was remembered. It was also remembered that Hubert had said it.

Sticking with adjectives and an occasional adverb as a mark of one's language is much safer for a politician than to go with statements such as, "The time has arrived for the Democratic Party to get out of the shadow of States' rights and walk forthrightly into the bright sunshine of human rights." Metaphors are dangerous.

Hubert liked what he had and what he was doing. His affection for his family is well known. He spoke glowingly of his father and of the family drugstore, to the point that one sensed that he came close to envy of his brother Ralph, back home in Huron, dispensing pills, encouragement, politics and philosophy. Being a druggist, he thought, was good work, and Huron, a good town.

He loved his home on Lake Waverly in Minnesota. Lake Waverly is a very minor lake named after the town (contrary to the usual practice of naming the town after the lake). This lake was less than the town, but he loved it. He saw the best in it and talked only about that. It had water. It would float a boat. It froze over in winter. One could skate on it, and it did have some fish. What more can one expect from a lake?

Hubert was loyal to his friends—to those who helped him, and those who hurt him. When he was sworn in as Vice President, the person who held the Bible for him was not a distinguished judge or clergyman or politician, but his most loyal friend and supporter, all but anonymous, Freddie Gates.

Of all the members of the Senate, I think, he liked and admired Wayne Morse the most. Even when in disagreement he would refer affectionately to him as, "Old Wayne, isn't he something."

Hubert Humphrey was a political victim of the vice presidency, which of all constitutional offices is the worst conceived and defined. It is distracting, if not disruptive in an election campaign (as in the McGovern-Eagleton case). It gives the appearance of validity to the concept of a balanced ticket, as though an administration would reflect in part the president's views and in part those of the vice president, in a kind of diumvirate (with the president the first between equals). Following a successful election there is an eight-year period, if all goes well, during which the vice president, in a state of relative political immobility, grows older, often frustrated. Along the way he may be rejected as a presidential candidate or, if nominated, be obliged to carry the burden of the president under whom he served.

Vice presidents chosen to help win a nomination or an election are not always qualified for the presidency. The rule may be that if a man is qualified to be president then he should not accept the vice presidency. And if he is not qualified to be president he should not hold the vice presidency.

In the case of Senator Humphrey (despite the standard talk beforehand of giving "new meaning" and "added responsibility" to the office) holding the vice-presidency effectively removed him from real and effective political activity, denied him political independence and left him as a candidate subject to presidential influence. None of this would have happened had he not been vice president, or had there been no vice presidency.

Good and able men and women are too scarce to permit the regular removal of one of them from the field of active government just to fulfill an archaic, constitutional provision.

The ease with which Gerald Ford became Vice President, filling the vacancy left by the resignation of Spiro T. Agnew, argues for a similar process by which a replacement for an ailing, resigning, impeached, or deceased President could be selected.

If Congress wishes to establish a political memorial for Hubert Humphrey, rather than passing the Humphrey-Hawkins Act, (which will do little more than did the Full Employment Act of 1946), it should move to pass a constitutional amendment eliminating the office of vice president.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

High-class Hoopla

The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain (Warner Bros.) The title tells you it's by Lina Wertmuller. It's her first picture for a US company. (And like Warner's, I'm giving up on the umlaut in her name. Just as with Handel.) The news, only two weeks after the news about Bergman's high-budget film for a high-power producer, is that this alliance, too, was a mistake.

Wertmuller's best work to date, such films as *Seven Beauties, All Screwed Up, The Seduction of Mimi* (all these titles either truncated or altered for America), had superb vigor, the zest of real assurance and real skill, and a rococo filigree that she had learned from Fellini, with whom she began, and had made her own. All these strengths she used in her loving struggle with her Italy, with what Italians do to their lives and to their country. (Line from *Night Full of Rain*, most of which is set in an ornate Roman apartment: "This apartment is like Italy. It's gorgeous, and there's no money to run it.") Most of her film-making energies are in this new film, too, but unlike her past work, they are not applied to very much. Here we get little more than the energies.

Wertmuller, newly linked with American producers, hit on what she apparently thought was a good analogy for her first film with them: a marriage between an Italian and an American. But she reversed sexes. She made the Italian of the pair the husband—her usual leading actor Giancarlo Giannini. The woman is Candice Bergen. (And the picture is in English.) But Wertmuller's story is not primarily about the conflict of two cultures, although that subject inevitably arises, it's about modern woman and marriage.

The best features of the film are the performances of the pair, acting that has body despite the malnutrition of the script. Giannini is a successful political journalist (a contradiction impossible in the US—a successful Communist journalist). He growls as humorously and lunges as balletically as ever, and his English—I don't think he's dubbed—has most of the pleasant roller-coaster music of his Italian. The surprise is Bergen. Wertmuller has worked some wonders with her. She not only gets the most out of Bergen's beauty, which has never been in question, she gets a virtually mercurial performance, funny, puzzled, fiery. The only time Bergen has even been credible before was in *Carnal Knowledge* when she was directed by Mike Nichols. This role calls for some pyrotechnics, and Bergen sizzles.

All to very little point. The picture begins and ends, as the title implies, in the marriage bed, with a number of flashbacks and excursions to explain what led up to it and what their relations are. The story as such could hardly be more stale, but what keeps reminding us of its staleness is the lack of characterization. We get lots of (reminiscent) furiously romantic scenes: how they met, how and why he lost her, how he chased her from an Italian town to San Francisco and insisted his way into her life; and we got a lot of talk about her troubles, but there is no dramatized realization of what these troubles are. They are simply stated, like items in a feminist pamphlet.

The odd fact is that, though Wertmuller is trying to say something about the perplexities of modern women, whatever characterization she achieves is with the husband. No, it's not so odd. Wertmuller knows him, knows that he's no less a male-chauvinist Italian husband for being a Communist. (Even, he boasts, a Stalinist. This last, which doesn't exactly help our sympathy, is just mentioned and dropped. The Communism, in the light of the news, needs no explanation; the Stalinism does.) But Wertmuller clearly does not know anything about the American woman: the character comes out conventional, undifferentiated, unexplored. We don't even know, really, what life the woman is being kept *from*. One shot of Bergen leaving the *San Francisco Chronicle* building is supposed to cover everything. (It was only from a later interview that I learned the woman is a photographer.) The husband is a compound of some intimacies—Wertmuller's knowledge of Italian men and of Giannini's range. What there is of the woman comes entirely from the performance that she has got from Bergen, but it's a lot of emotional expenditure on a writer's dummy.

What makes the central weakness even more obvious is the feverish décor with which it's surrounded, as if something really momentous was being born. There's a recurrent chorus, a Fellinian gallery of overdressed women and a lesbian and eccentric men, all of whom hover symbolically in the bedroom and in other places, commenting in pseudo profundities about the main pseudo profundity. They and the married pair are rolled in a thick visual crust created by the cinematographer Giuseppe Rotunno and the editor Franco Fraticelli according to a Wertmuller recipe, puffed up to conceal the emptiness. Examples: zooms on statues or paintings or photographs, whether pertinent or not; closeups so intense you can see the down on Bergen's cheeks; hyperdramatic lighting that often silhouettes the characters in full black against a dim light.

In her best previous pictures Wertmuller's very conscious style was a luscious way of providing a needed esthetic distance. Here there is little for which we need such distance. Her ostensible subject is a troubled marriage. Her real subject is a worse marriage—between her and her American producers. This first offspring bodes badly. Wertmuller is not Bergman, but she's good enough to merit the same advice. She should, in every sense, go home.

Films Worth Seeing

The Battle of Chile. Unique and gripping. A three-hour documentary of the 10 months before the Allende overthrow.

Blue Collar. Detroit auto workers. Paul Schrader's directing debut has story wobbles but smacking atmospheric truth.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind. Man fills the faith gap with film technology. Mindless but engulfing.

Saturday Night Fever. John Travolta is literally sensational in this weakly scripted but steamily vivid account of a metropolitan parish.

SK

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Bergman Postscript. A reader notes that, in my review of *The Serpent's Egg,* I omitted to mention that the hero is Jewish. True. But that fact, like his being American and an acrobat, was patently not much more than a tag pinned on him to give him symbolic significance: and that particular tag, en route from film to review, just fell off.

Coma (MGM). This is a thriller, rotten; but it's really worse than that. It's a disgrace to the several physicians involved in it.

The novel, which I shall not read, was written by Dr. Robin Cook. It was adapted and directed by Dr. Michael Crichton who has written previous screenplays and directed one *(Westworld).* Appearing in this film are Drs. Philip G. Brooks, Tom Borut, and Gerald Benston. In my view, all these men ought to be ashamed.

The picture takes place in a big busy Boston hospital, and it begins much like any other hospital story on film or TV—a *Grand Hotel* in white and red—except that this one soon shoves our face into a lot of detail. For instance, we see extirpated organs in a pathology lab and a brain being sliced on a delicatessen meat-slicer. A bit rough for us laymen, but we tell ourselves that perhaps we're going to get a film of hospital life so seriously intended that this extraordinary detail is essential.

It isn't. Retroactively, it becomes cheap gratuitous display, a pornography of factualism; because less than halfway through, *Coma* becomes a stupid, silly mad-scientist thriller, with a plucky Girl-Surgeon out to solve the mysteries of some strange deaths, climbing up ladders from the boiler room, crawling along conduits, fleeing a mad killer in a lecture theater, playing hide-and-seek in a cadaver refrigerator. More, much more. Just the sort of thing your average young female surgeon is trained for and would do, especially if she's Genevieve Bujold.

Let's not bother with the holes in the plot as such. (Why didn't the maintenance man who knew the truth go to his boss or the police? Why didn't Bujold go to the police after she locked the killer in the refrigerator?) Let's disregard the ludicrous SF fantasy of the huge automated institute for the comatose. If this were just a schlock medical thriller, it might be worth pointing out its many flaws as entertainment, but it's not schlock—immediately.

All these medical men got together to make it seem authentic, to make it seem as if such a moronic story actually could take place. What a great gift to give a public who are nervous enough about hospitals these days. When poor old plodding Paddy Chayefsky wrote *The Hospital,* he couldn't forbear from sentimentalities, but at least he was out to present a serious picture of a big modern hospital's shortcomings, and to that end gave his script an authentic base. These professionals have got together to authenticate a story about a chief of surgery who has carbon monoxide piped into an operating room to produce coma in patients so that he can store them and sell their organs for transplants. (I hope that, by tipping the plot, I've spoiled it for you, if you haven't already read the book.)

All in fun? Some fun—to help make such a story seem credible. And anyway it isn't just fun, says Dr. Crichton in an interview. "It helps to make people realize that surgery, any surgery—that, in fact, almost any medical treatment—has elements of danger, and they ought to think twice about it."

I said he ought to be ashamed. Waste of time. He's incapable.

Ireland That Was

It was in Dublin, in 1946, that I had my first taste of literary recognition. I was walking down Grafton Street one afternoon when I came on Frank O'Connor standing on the curb in front of Bewley's Oriental Cafe, talking with a severe-looking man who had his arms folded high on his chest. O'Connor called me over and introduced us. "Mr. Kelleher. Mr. Kavanagh."

Kavanagh looked at me without approval. "Kelleher. Hadn't you an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on Irish literature?"

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I admitted I had.

His look grew bleaker. "That," he informed me, "was the *worst* article I ever read in my life."

"Now, now, don't mind Paddy," said O'Connor, soothingly. "What he means is that you didn't say in it that all Irish poets were good-for-nothing hoors except Paddy Kavanagh."

Frank O'Connor by Jack Coughlin

Kavanagh dismissed the suggestion. "It wasn't that at all. It was just that your article was full of untruths and insincerities. And I can't stand untruths and insincerities." Then he looked at me again and apparently decided that his remarks might be construed as ungracious, for he offered a form of amends. "Sure, what could you know about it anyway?"

So there we were, till somehow the frieze dissolved: Kavanagh, with his head back and his arms still folded, staring sternly at a distant cornice; O'Connor glancing from one to the other of us with mingled embarrassment and amusement; and I, looking nowhere in particular, aware that now I could never tell Kavanagh how, when I was a sophomore, I had instantly memorized the first two poems of his that I discovered in the *Dublin Magazine*. That would surely strike him as another insincerity, if not indeed an untruth quickly manufactured for placation. Of course, I was much younger then and didn't yet know that poets, even stern ones from south Ulster, seldom look gift praises in the teeth.

His question, though, was more to the point than he perhaps realized. I had already offered a course on modern Irish literature a couple of times at Harvard. It was well arranged, for I had had good literature courses in college and knew just how to go about making one of my own. What you did was determine how the literature had begun and then show how it had developed, how, that is, the later writers derived from the earlier ones. If I may say so, the course was neat, logical, and persuasive. I have never had so satisfactory a one since.

The writers whom I met in Ireland asked me about the course, listened with interest, and seemed generally to agree that it made sense. About the other writers, that is. For themselves, they hadn't read the seminal books I had divined for them, or had read them but disliked them, or didn't feel that they were seminal. If they told me what writers had influenced them, it turned out that scarcely any were Irish. O'Connor talked of Chekhov and Babel. Sean O'Faolain spoke of his early fascination with Hardy. I cycled out to Templeogue one rainy evening to visit Austin Clarke and sat in his library savoring my ignorance while he talked slowly about his debt to Paul Fort's "submerged rhyme" and about looking to the Belgians—he mentioned Rodenbach and Verhaeren—because their problems were so much like those the Irish writers faced: writing about a small, divided, largely Catholic country in the language of a large neighboring country, and with success or failure decided in a foreign capital.

On one matter all the writers were agreed—and God knows there weren't many such matters—that I should understand and appreciate the importance of A.E. (George William Russell), whose name, by the way, was still automatically linked with Yeats's in those days. A.E. was the one who had sought them out, talked with them, published them in the *Irish Statesman*, and helped them to get their books published. As for Yeats, only O'Connor had been intimate with him. The others agreed that it had been good to know that the literature possessed such a giant, but that he had shown little interest in the younger men and had not been helpful. Clarke indeed maintained that for other Irish poets Yeats had been like a upas tree: "In his shadow it was so hard for us to grow." I found it accepted too that no Irish writer could afford to show any strong influence of Yeats, Synge, or Joyce. To do so would be to forfeit all individuality.

So there went the course. O'Connor needn't have worried about my feeling miffed at Kavanagh. I was already thinking along those lines myself.

Richard Ellmann and I had come to Dublin together in March. For me it was the first return to Ireland since my grandmother had left in 1870. Dick had been there the year before, on leave from London, and had met Mrs. Yeats and a number of other people. The first day, when we had checked into the Shelbourne and I was still struggling with the conflict between what I had been seeing and the Dublin I had put together in my head from maps, photographs, and *Ulysses*, Dick showed

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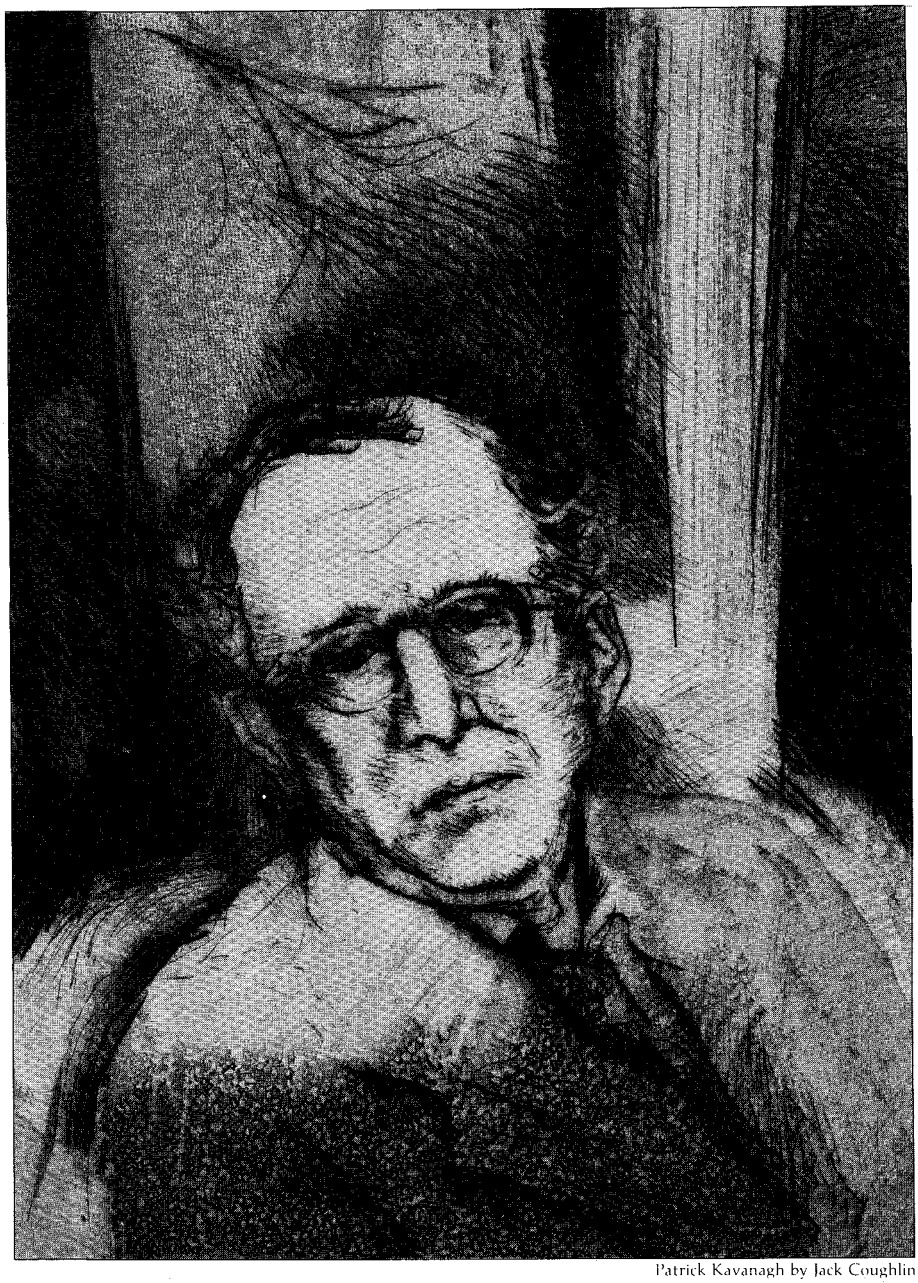
his superior competence by making a phone call. Presently a slim man with a mustache, a bowler, an umbrella, and a dark overcoat appeared, sat on the edge of the bed, spoke rapidly for 10 minutes, and left us with an invitation to dinner at his house that evening. That was Niall Montgomery. And that was how Ireland began opening up for me.

Niall was an architect and almost secretively a man of letters. His father, Jimmy Montgomery, had been the last of the great Dublin wits. Lesser wits still helped themselves liberally to his sayings, one of the most quoted of which was his description of Long Longford at the Gate Theatre, "the fat in the foyer." Niall was (is) also widely admired for his wit, his talents, and his sure integrity. The latter quality, I expect, as well as his being his father's son, was what won him the close friendship of Jack Yeats, the painter, the poet's brother, a man of old-fashioned integrity himself.

Once Niall brought me to a Thursday at Yeats's studio in Fitzwilliam Square. The studio was a long, high-ceilinged room, bright, airy, and very neat. There were half-a-dozen guests, one of whom, Lord M—, was already talking about his horses when we came, and from the slightly glazed looks of the rest had already been talking about them for some time. Since the only horses of my acquaintance had been Percherons and artillery mustangs I drifted away to look at the picture on the easel and then behind the easel to look out over the square. There was another man behind the easel, a thin, quiet-spoken man who seemed glad to meet another refugee. Somehow our talk got onto the American army. He had driven an ambulance for the Americans in France. After chatting pleasantly for about 20 minutes he said he had to go, and we shook hands, and he said his name was Samuel Beckett. I had read his *Murphy* and *More Kicks Than Pricks* but hadn't been able to make anything of either, so I could only nod.

We came out from behind the easel and listened to a bit more of the same horses. Then Beckett left. After a little we left. Niall was fuming as I followed him down the stairs. "People say M—has no sense of humor, but did you ever hear anyone give such a bloody good imitation of a stupid man!"

Niall was a fountain of memorable remarks. His friend Brian O'Nolan, *aliter* Flann O'Brien, *aliter* Myles na gCopaleen, was brilliantly funny with his pen but, at least as I saw him, rather shy and laconic in company. I only



Patrick Kavanagh by Jack Coughlin

remember one thing he said. We were sitting at the counter in the old Dolphin Hotel one night eating bacon and colcannon. At least Niall and I were. O'Nolan had his head on his arms and seemed asleep. Niall was setting me right about Ireland, "You've got to realize that this is nothing but a completely capitalist country." O'Nolan lifted his head. "Roman Capitalist," he said, and put it down again.

(A note of historical interest. The Dolphin, I was told, was where Irish coffee had been invented. The proprietor, Michael Nugent, had concocted it during the war as a way of disguising the taste of what was then called coffee. In 1946 its chief merit was the interesting difficulty of floating the cream onto but not into the liquid.)

Through Niall, too, I got to know Constantine P. Curran, lawyer, art-collector, expert on Dublin plasterwork, and later the author of *James Joyce Remembered*, one of the two best books on Joyce that have been written, the other being Dick Ellmann's biography. Con had been a classmate of Joyce's at the university and, though he had lent him money and helped him in various ways, had miraculously remained a friend all Joyce's life. Though a most gentle and civilized man, he was also shrewd and independent and had never kowtowed when Joyce grew famous. I remember him saying, "Jimmy, you know, was always talking about how they had betrayed him and had driven him out of Ireland. But I said to him, 'Jimmy, how could they drive you out when they didn't even know you were there?'" He mused a bit. "As for betrayal, if you were going to betray Jimmy Joyce you would have to get up very early in the morning."

He spoke quite without spite or envy,

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for he liked Joyce and, what was rare in Dublin then, had a true appreciation of his achievement. Other people of the same generation could honestly find that difficult.

One evening at Con's house *A Portrait of the Artist* and *Ulysses* were being discussed. A friend of Con's, a dark, handsome, serious man seemed quite puzzled, but suddenly his face lit up. "Oh, I know now who you're talking about, Con. Joyce the crammer."

"No," said Con, "Joyce the writer, the novelist."

"Usen't he wear a big black hat?"

"Yes, he had a wide-brimmed felt he brought back from Paris when he went there first, in 1902."

"Joyce the crammer. I remember him going down Wicklow Street with the hat on him. He had a room in the Commercial Buildings and he was offering to cram for the Civil Service examinations."

With that Con remembered that indeed Joyce had briefly tried that trade, though with poor success. The man sat back satisfied. He was oriented now.

A while later Con was arguing in his gentle way that only someone who had been born in Dublin in the early 1880s, had been raised mostly on the Liffey, had gone to Belvedere and University College and had known the Jesuits there could really appreciate the accuracy of detail in *Ulysses*. The man listened with rising impatience and broke in again. "Con, you're talking nonsense! You're talking about that Joyce as if he was a Dubliner. I know he was born here. But I knew that family. Sure, the father was a Corkman; the grandfather was a Corkman, they were all Corkmen. That explains a good deal." He turned to me, "Mr. Kelleher, I can tell from your name that your people were from Cork too. But I hope you will pardon me if I tell you that a Corkman is a man who will smile in your face and pee in your lap!"

Cork, I might explain, is the Texas of Ireland—the southernmost county, the largest, and considered the braggingest. In Dublin it was especially resented, for it was generally believed that at least half the Civil Service was made up of Corkmen, all of whom work night and day and by every devious means to bring in more Corkmen, to the wrongful exclusion of all others. Sometime later, when I told this story to another Dublin friend, he professed shock. "My God, what a thing to say to you! But of course it's true, you know."

Ah, me! Thirty-two golden years ago. And now all is changed, changed utterly, and not altogether in the direction of beauty, terrible or otherwise. But I must not get sentimental. There was plenty wrong with Ireland at that time, and a lot of the people I knew and admired found the going hard. Besides, I always keep in mind what Sean O'Faolain said to admonish me, one time when he thought I was indulging in some romantic nostalgia. "Will you understand that the good old days are always right now?" He was quite right. They were.

John V. Kelleher

John V. Kelleher is professor of Irish history and literature at Harvard.

Books Considered

James Joyce: The Citizen and the Artist
by C. H. Peake
(Stanford University Press; $16.95)

James Joyce in Padua
by Louis Berrone
(Random House; $10)

I asked my father what kind of man Joyce's father was. He was a Corkman, he answered. In their occasional meetings, the Dublinman had found the para-Swedish accent, the noise, the enclitic evocations of "my boy, Jim" unbewitching. My father was (in that only) unreasonable—God the Father, were one in Fleming's of South Frederick street to have a few drinks with Him, would (infallibly!) use the same script. And, of course, the boy, Jim—reasonably—thought himself a god.

Flaubert—we know—had written:

> *The author, in his work, should be like God in the universe, present everywhere and visible nowhere.*

Mr. Joyce's boy took that seriously. Joyce's brother records a question: "Don't you think there is a certain resemblance between the Mass and what I am trying to do?"! And the critics say that the Circe part of *Ulysses* presents, inter alia, the Passion and Crucifixion of Stephen Dedalus!

In fact, Joyce as a writer is very like a god. The epithets "writer" or "novelist" are really inappropriate if one is thereby to imply that Joyce is generically one with say John Galsworthy, creator of that London Bloom, Soames Forsyte. The young god, nevertheless, has so far been badly served by his evangelists—and a lot of it's his own fault. It is, for instance, unusual and startling to have a grown-up view of Joyce—most of the exegetists are like Russell Maloney's typewriting monkeys—nothing wrong with them that a burst of machine-gun fire couldn't cure. And most of the criticism recalls the unfair but endearing picture of Bloom evoked by the Cyclops narrator:

> *I declare to my antimacassar if you took up a straw from the bloody floor and if you said to Bloom* Look at, Bloom, Do you see that straw? That's a straw. *Declare to my aunt he'd talk about it for an hour so he would and talk steady.*

Mr. Peake isn't entirely guiltless in that respect—his analyses of the structure and meaning of Joyce must be read a few pages at a time only if the reader is to remain sane. Mr. Peake examines Joyce's work in a perspective suggested by the fine meditative mind of Harry Levin. The book's subtitle evokes the Levin phrase quoted by way of Preface:

> *All of Joyce's books, like Thomas Mann's, fit into the broadening dialectical pattern of* Künstler *versus* Bürger.

In that context, Mr. Peake subtly and exhaustively studies the thought and method which he sees continuously developing from *Dubliners* through *Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man* to *Ulysses*, and one of the book's many felicities lies in Mr. Peake's apprehension—against the perverse view of *Finnegans Wake* as

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the work of a genius who knew not *Ulysses*—of "the ways in which *Finnegans Wake* relates to, develops and modifies, in content and manner, the central citizen/artist polarity."

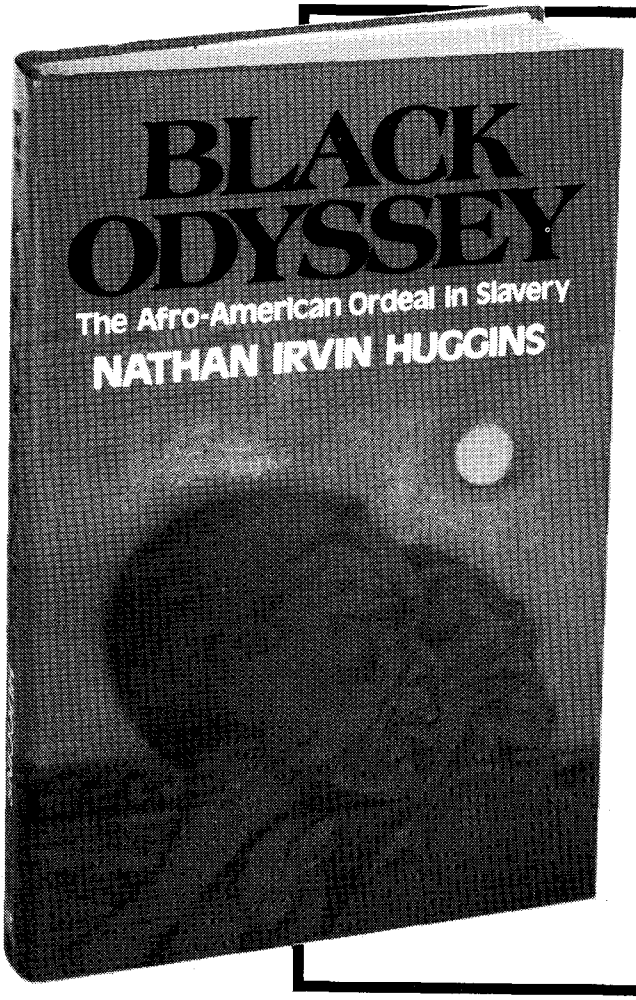
But Mr. Peake shares with many less distinguished critics a Waspish "sympathy" which subtly and devastatingly misrepresents Joyce's *Weltanschauung*. It's simply wrong to assume that Joyce's "contempt" for Ireland, for Dublin and its Catholics is the same kind of contempt that a civilized Anglo-Saxon fellow will feel for a people that, as the late Major Waugh put it, "broke the heart of anyone who ever tried to help them."

Mr. Peake's is the sort of criticism that leaves one with the impression of a people and a culture oppressed uniquely by the Roman Catholic Church. Heraclitus's admonition to keep an eye on the parameters is worth memorizing—the writer who places the citizen and the artist in apposition will do well also to take account of the political parameter—Ireland was an occupied country until the year *Ulysses* was published. It's not irrelevant to note that Mr. Joyce didn't then or later elect to divest himself of his British citizenship. The citizenship of which Mr. Peake writes is, therefore, clearly to be apprehended in a literary rather than a literal sense.

A valuable aspect of Mr. Peake's book is his recognition of the author's achievement of maturity and of its reflection in his work. But—again—shouldn't it be added that the disclosure of the maturity achieved in 1939 by the student of 1904 is fully savored only in the simultaneous, if banal apprehension of the seniority of Dublin 1939 to Dublin 1904? At another level of reality, Joyce's blindness to the architectural splendor of the Dublin of his day and to its symbolism is worth examining. If taken as a deliberate "artistic" suppression, it is an odd aspect of the vision of one who held that "he is a very bold man who dares to alter in the presentment, still more to deform, whatever he has seen and heard"; as evidence of failure to see what was there, it suggests an anaesthesia strange in a writer who writes so convincingly of "the clear radiance of the esthetic image."

It is, one supposes, inevitable that the whole notion of Irishness drives certain decent people out of their minds. Mr. Peake, for instance, who can perceptively say that the parodies in the long Holles street episode are "good humoured" and "suggestive of enjoyment," a few pages earlier characterizes as "bitterly satirical" the pastiches in the Barney Kiernan scene. That's perhaps because Mr. Peake will have formed the impression that the conventions there satirized were violently oppressive. It isn't so. The pastiches in that part of the book are, to most Dublin men, funny—much more so than the Holles street passages, which, in any case, as parody, are not to be compared with for instance Proust's brilliant skits on Saint Simon, the Goncourts and Balzac in *Pastiches et Mélanges*. But—surely!—the "good" critic errs in allowing himself the luxury "enjoyed" by the—generically—gentle reader who is inhibited in appreciation of what he reads because he finds the substance intolerable!

Is Mr. Peake thus inhibited (a) in understanding and therefore (b) in apprehending the marvels Joyce achieves in the anonymous narrator's presentation of the scene in Barney Kiernan's? Joyce, too, had he been English, could have expressed the whole thing in Mr. Peake's words by saying: "In this scene, I have devised a manner to



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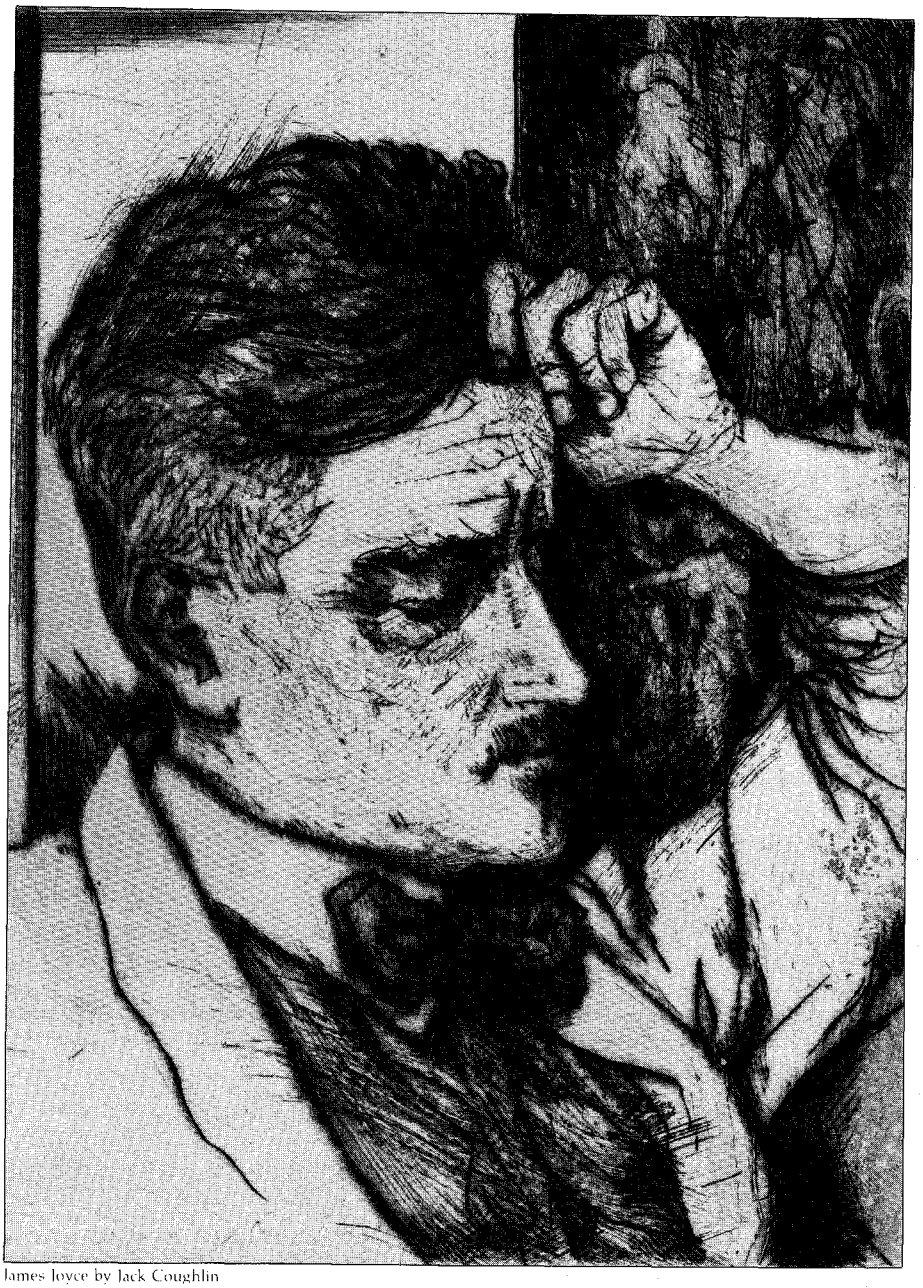

James Joyce by Jack Coughlin

represent the consciousness of a garrulous, contemptuous, gossiping, Dublin scrounger. Now read on." Instead, animated not just by passion, but also by compassion, and by an explosive imagination, sustained by agonizing diligence, Joyce makes to leap from the page, in irresistible verisimilitude of thought and word, the paradigm and paragon of all the Dublin *gurriers* that ever were. Nobody else (except perhaps Proust) does this thing. Nobody else could be bothered, to use what Mr. Peake will accurately call an "Irishism." (Mr. P., *e.g.* in the Ormonde hotel scene, misapprehends one of bald Pat's maladies—"bothered" also = "bodhar" = deaf.) Where another fellow will flabbily write "The conversation was brilliant," Joyce—unbelievably—goes to the trouble of writing down what was said, so that not the words only, or the syntax merely, but also the rhythm and the intonation dazzle a generation embarrassed by the chirruping of that Irish J. M. Barrie, J. M. Synge.

One of the extraordinary things about the extraordinary Joyce is not the cleverness, the structures, the modalities, the enthymemes—all that odious Persian apparatus—but that a man of such passion, such vision, such humanity and such a sense of humor could have thought such machinery necessary. That is not for us to say. Sam Beckett, appraising formal aspects of the work of a brother poet in a review published 40 years ago, wrote:

> *to cavil at . . . form . . . is to cavil at the probity with which the creative act has carried itself out, . . . and indeed to suggest that the creative act should burke its own conditions for the sake of clarity.*

Let's not.

In a smartly jacketed book, finely laid out and printed, Professor Berrone publishes two articles of Joyce which he has discovered, edited and translated. The essays, from the archives of the University of Padua, accompanied Joyce's unsuccessful application for consideration as a teacher: in Europe at least, EEC notwithstanding, the main obstacle to the success of any such application has not yet been completely eliminated—the refusal to recognize alien university degrees. Professor Berrone reproduces the academic reports, adds appreciative "afterwords" to each article, together with notes on the thesis-reader's corrections and a glossary of distinctive or obscure words and phrases in the essays. Included also are a critical apparatus and a bibliography. Among the handsome illustrations is a portrait of father and son, revealing Joyce's likeness not so much to the lamblike Bloom as to the terrifying Groucho.

Joyce elected to write of the universal literary influence of the Renaissance and of the centenary of Charles Dickens. Professor Berrone perceptively essays to reconcile the apparently disparate nature of the two pieces. The principal impression the essays give an ordinary reader is of qualities the writer did not choose to exhibit professionally—nobility and compassion. Thus, in the article on the Renaissance, he starts from a vision of modern helplessness which Valéry, in a celebrated passage, was to echo in an article published some seven years later in the London *Athenaeum*. Through a masque in which the journalist is discovered seated in the monk's chair, the thesis moves to (and by) this resolution:

> *All the modern conquests of the air, the earth, the sea, disease, ignorance, are dissolved, so to speak, in the crucible of the mind and are transformed into a drop of water, a tear. If the Renaissance did nothing else, it would have done much in creating in ourselves and in our art the sense of compassion for each thing that lives and hopes and dies and deludes itself. In this at least, we surpass the ancients: in this, the ordinary journalist is greater than the theologian.*

To achieve that detachment, Joyce, earlier in the essay, works himself into odd roles, as when, in contrasting medieval and modern writers, he is made to say:

> *". . . we are avid for details"*

(where "of" was to be expected), evoking a cry the other Joyce would not resist,

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the voice of Lucien Leuwen's father:

". . . Il n'y a d'originalité ni de vérité que dans les détails!"

Professor Berrone's book seems to endorse and perhaps to extend that appreciation of Joyce's "morality" which is explicit in Mr. Peake's book. It is interesting that the great—19th-20th—century writers, Proust and Joyce, should have admired Dickens. Joyce's appreciation of Dickens recalls the account of the Douanier Rousseau's praise of Picasso as the greatest living painter. Cross-examined by his astonished auditors, he admitted that he was indeed the greatest painter in the modern manner—Picasso was the greatest painter in the Egyptian manner! So Joyce "praises" Dickens as a "great caricaturist, a great sentimentalist" rather than as a great moralist, but, fair enough, recognizes Dickens's portrait of him as "Mr. Jingle." (What did Proust see in Ruskin?) It's amusing to recall that the author of *Ulysses* did not understand Proust's work and that in the letters exchanged between Proust and Rivière in 1922 there is no mention of the great event of that year, the publication of *Ulysses*.

Niall Montgomery

Niall Montgomery is a Dublin architect and poet whose column in *The Irish Times* appeared for many years with that of his friend, Brian O'Nolan (Flann O'Brien).

A Flann O'Brien Reader
edited with an introduction by Stephen Jones

(The Viking Press; $15)

Flann O'Brien experienced a great deal of bad luck during his lifetime. Although writers of the status of James Joyce, Graham Greene and Dylan Thomas had expressed their admiration for him as a great comic genius while he was still in his twenties, his first book *At Swim-Two-Birds* did not sell sufficiently well for his publishers, worried by the shortage of paper and the general economic pressure on publishing brought about by the outbreak of the Second World War, to risk publishing his second novel *The Third Policeman*, a fact which embittered him greatly and turned him to the journalism without which he would have been altogether without an audience.

The need to earn a living forced him to endure the confines of the civil service for 18 long years, and when he at last escaped from that prison house, it was on a meagre pension of seven pounds a week, quite insufficient for his needs as he had by that time incurred the responsibilities of marriage. During his lifetime his outstanding literary ability remained little known outside Ireland. His health deteriorated. He became an alcoholic, and in his final years when his literary genius should have brought him widespread fame and at least a little wealth, his days petered out in physical and financial stress until his death at the age of 55 on All Fools' Day.

During the past 10 years his reputation as a great satirist and as one of the outstanding humorists of our time has been growing with a steadiness which implies that it will be lasting. Stephen Jones of the University of Connecticut has now edited a compendium of extracts from the five novels, each extract sufficiently long to give a very good idea of the whole of each work, as well as being in themselves highly enjoyable; and to these he has added pieces from the shorter fiction and the plays, as well as examples of the author's journalistic work in his column *Cruiskeen Lawn* which he contributed to the conservative *Irish Times* for a period of 29 years. Each section is prefaced by a knowledgeable and understanding introduction, and there are examples of Flann O'Brien's lively correspondence with publishers and literary agents.

Stephen Jones has also contributed a pleasant and humorous General Introduction which gives an account of Flann O'Brien's life and presents a good picture of the personality which the public knew and whose journalistic outpourings they read avidly; and of the man, never rude or offensive in his daily contacts, but capable, when he got a pen

Photo: Marjory Dressler

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Beatrice Marden Glickman, a consultant in early childhood education, she has also supervised an alternative education program at Boston's Children's Hospital Medical Center; and **Nesha Bass Springer,** a free-lance writer who holds a master's degree in elementary education.

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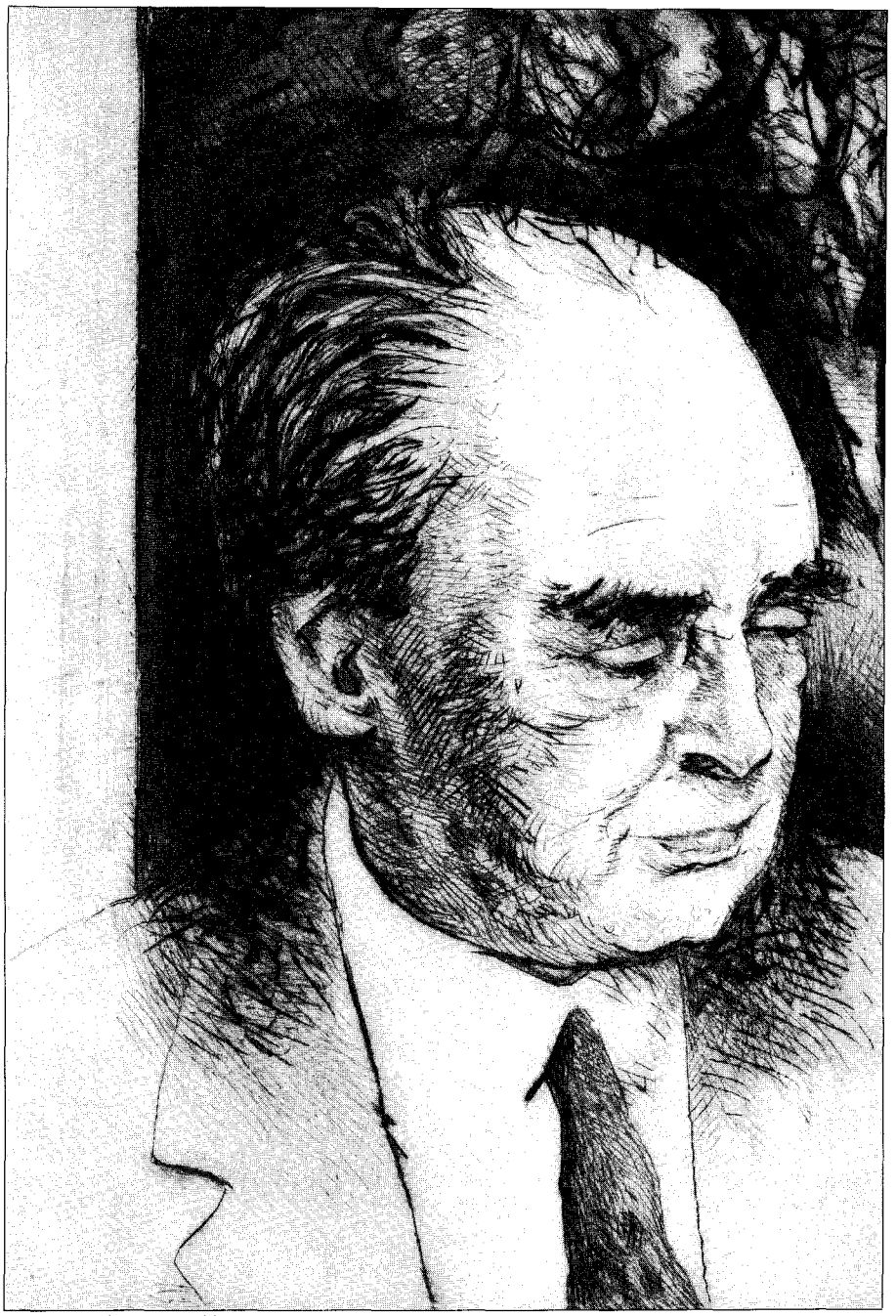
in his hand, of using it like a whip. He sees his subject as a fierce scholar rebel, who was first a scholar, and only secondly a rebel. With great penetration and perception he sets out to display the unity of O'Brien's work as well as its diversity; and he is the first critic whose work I have read, to note O'Brien's sexual puritanism.



Flann O'Brien by Jack Coughlin

Flann O'Brien was the best-known of the several pen-names used by Brian O'Nolan in the course of a lifetime of literary cavorting. He grew up one of a large family among whom the Irish language was in constant use, and Mr. Jones stresses the great advantage enjoyed by O'Brien in having a working knowledge since childhood of a language other than English, as it gave him a mind and an approach quite outside the petty culture of Dublin. His early writing was in Irish, and he later acquired a considerable knowledge of several European languages.

He was very erudite and had a consuming passion for words, a very Irish trait, for in Ireland a great deal of the humor is verbal. There can have been few writers in any age who have had such a formidable command of language. In his daily column in *The Irish Times* he studied clichés, scornfully pulled to pieces the swollen literary phraseology of others, invented wildly imaginative literary anecdotes, perpetrated laborious puns and parodied the writings and speech of the distinguished and undistinguished alike. No cow was sacred to him, except, strangely enough, religion and sex. All else he treated with an outrageous and biting wit rarely, if ever, equalled.

To his friends, casually meeting him in a pub or in the street, he seemed to be always bursting with indignation, and you were never quite certain whether it was real or assumed. As well as a deep knowledge of English, Gaelic and German literature, he had an absorbing interest in scientific gadgets and a Heath Robinson-like inventiveness. All his writing was exuberant, full of extravagant happenings, pedantry, insane logic and general outrageous modes of thought and behavior on the part of his characters. He was a past master in the use of sudden seeming irrelevancies which could make his simplest sentence unexpectedly funny.

He was primarily a great humorist who wrote with abounding high spirits and irony, and with a matching gigantism of language. He was also a formidable satirist in the merciless Gaelic tradition. Although he was not Dublin-born, he mastered and wrote a proportion of his journalism in Dublinese, the mode of expression of the ill-educated of that city, humorous, irrelevant and sometimes boring. He understood all its nuances. He could exemplify the boring at great length without for a moment boring his readers. Indeed, in his masterly novel *The Third Policeman* he manages in spite of the laughter induced on nearly every page, to give a terrifying picture of the boredom that will inflict the damned throughout an eternity of punishment.

Nine books by Flann O'Brien have now been published, several of them posthumously, and his reputation outside Ireland, denied him during his lifetime, spreads ever wider. That this development should have come about when he was no longer alive to enjoy its fruits, is not one which he would have met, if he could have known of it, with wry or even bitter humor. He would have appreciated the irony, but would have greeted it with shouts of exasperated indignation. In a television appearance before his death the camera unkindly showed him in an extremely drunken state muttering "I know I'm a genius." He believed during his writing life that his great talents entitled him to financial support from the State or community, and he was aggrieved and embittered that such recognition was not forthcoming. There was no such provision for genius in the Ireland of his time, and in any case the State or community would have been slow to

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subsidize their most formidable satirist.

For those unacquainted with O'Brien's work, the present volume will prove an excellent introduction, containing as it does not only lengthy extracts from all types of his writing, but in Stephen Jones's critical introductions to each section, a full study of the range of O'Brien's style and vision. Mr. Jones has written with insight into the man and his work, with sympathy and understanding as well as with humor.

Mervyn Wall

Mervyn Wall, playwright and novelist, was for many years Secretary of the Irish Arts Council.

Collected Poems in English and French by Samuel Beckett

(Grove Press; $10)

Though the originality and durability of Beckett's novels and plays assure his reputation as a major writer of our time, his work as poet has attracted far less sympathetic attention. All the while expanding that "gallery of moribunds" he has made so authentically his own, Beckett has been writing poems on the sly ever since he gave up his academic career at Trinity College, Dublin. Forsaking "the loutishness of learning" because he could no longer bear the absurdity of teaching others what he did not fully understand himself, Beckett left for Paris and began to write a series of poems which are the basis for much of his subsequent flirtation with this form. Distilled from the hardy irregularities of Joycean rhetoric, Beckett's voice in verse has the same haunting cadence, the same "dour questing," the same "dread nay" we recognize from his drama and prose. Like some "death-mask of unrivalled beauty," Beckett's poetry offers us a very unexpected detour into the formalities of lyrical structure.

Beckett's lyricism will come as no surprise to audiences accustomed to his skillful transformation of the prosaic into the poetic. Even in *Waiting for Godot*, where two tramps mark time in an almost empty eternity where all certainty is provisional, the playwright presents us with a drama of indirect action reminiscent of Chekhov's stage lyricism. Didi is a poetaster himself ("isn't it obvious"), but his fondness for the simile of leaves is only one minor element in this play's rich poetic texture. Elevating the doubtful expectations of two down-and-outs into a metaphor for the hopeless waiting of all mankind, Beckett makes his characters speak lines of unforgettable intensity: "They give birth astride of a grave. The light gleams an instant, then it's night once more."

Beckett's voice can be most vigorously poetic when he is not writing specifically in poetry. Some of his most lyrical statements take place when we are least likely to expect them. Crawling in the mud, buried up to the waist in a mound of earth, listening all alone to a tape recorder roll on to silence, or making "immaculate" love in a garbage dump, Beckett's dramatic and fictional characters forever impress us through the poetic vitality that shines through their despair. The lyricism catches us off-guard, for the landscape leads us to expect nothingness but delivers romanticism instead. Hope springs eternal: there is splendor, suddenly, in the trash.

Ironically, Beckett can be far less lyrical in his poems. In "Whoroscope," his first professionally published piece, Descartes is a finicky eater who likes his omelette made of eggs hatched from eight to 10 days before. "Shorter or longer under the hen and the result," a note assures us, "is disgusting." Even lowly albumen cannot escape the philosopher's wrath: "What's that?/A little green fry or a mushroomy one?/Two lashed ovaries with prostisciutto?" Heavily allusive, the poem's circumlocution and discontinuous form are strictly "Ex Cathedra": Pound's advanced techniques ("very dissociated and recombined") take it on the chin within the confines of Beckett's Cartesian railing. Eliot's sacred wood is defoliated too. When Richard Aldington suggested the inclusion of footnotes to accompany the poem, Beckett complied in a parody of "The Wasteland." In "Whoroscope" academic tomfoolery wages war against the solemn majesty of modern poetry's "prolonged creative effort."

Not all of the poems in English and French incarnate in this same youthful exuberance. In this respect "Whoroscope" is unique, for the poems which follow in this collection trace far more somber tones. Sometimes based on Provençal forms, the 13 poems originally published as *Echo's Bones and Other Precipitates* reflect the uneasy consciousness of the writer's developing sensibility. An index of the poet's own wandering, the scene shifts from place to place, now Dublin, now Paris, now London, but the plaintive voice is always the same. The "stillborn evening" turns "a filthy green/manuring the night fungus" in the searcher's quest for an "asylum under my tread." The "silk of the seas and the arctic flowers" do not exist in this atmosphere of sterility and death. Instead, finding no transcendence, no integration, no hope, the speaker hears only the faint cry of "echo's bones."

The "Six Poems" which follow present "the whole misery diagnosed undiagnosed misdiagnosed." Here the personal angst of the earlier poems

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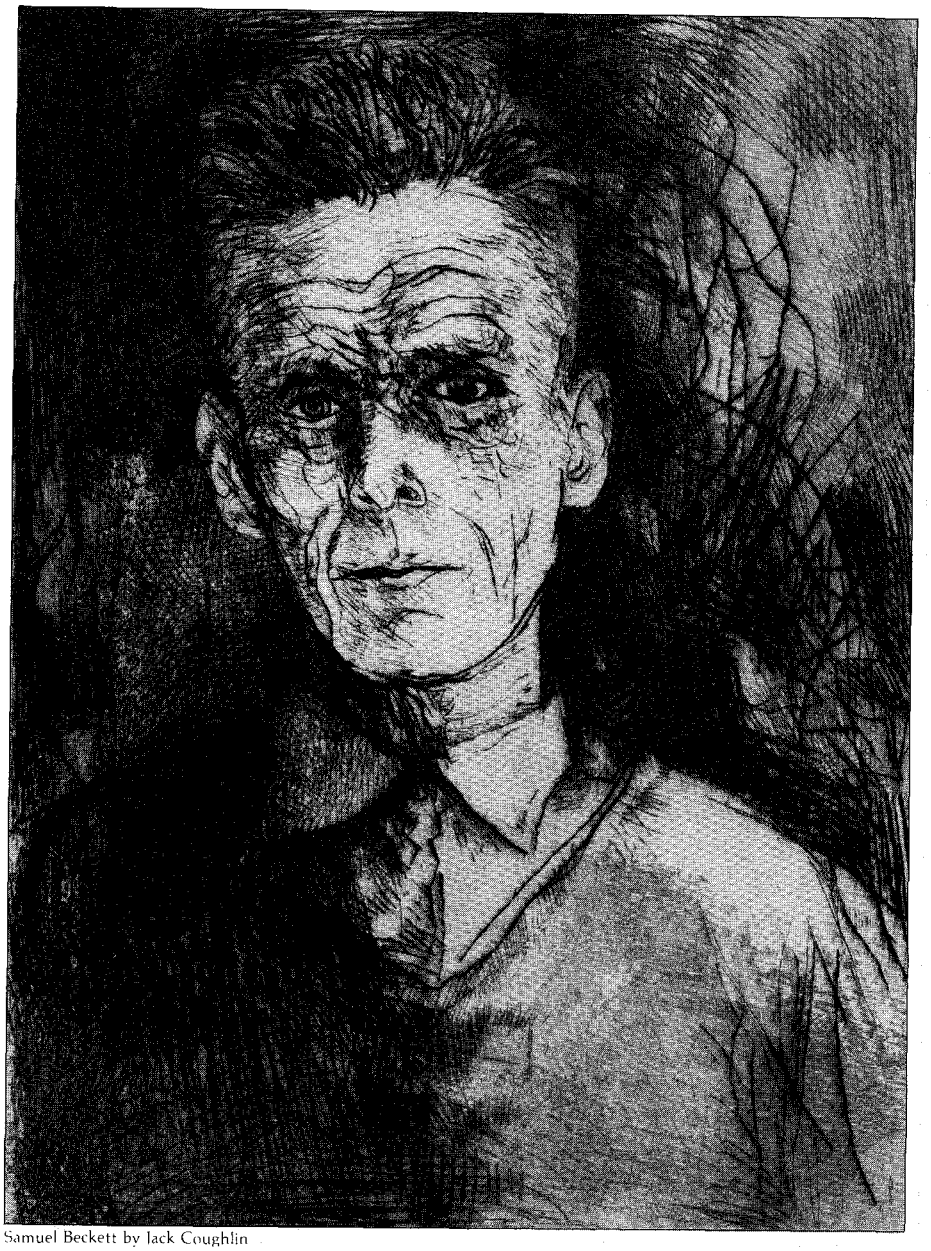
achieves a far more comprehensive expression. In the "whey of words" of "Cascando," the poem of 1936 read so movingly by the late Jack MacGowran in his one-man Beckett show at Joseph Papp's Public Theatre, a lover can see "the main verb at last":

saying again
if you do not teach me I shall not learn
saying again there is a last
even of last times
last times of begging
last times of loving
of knowing not knowing pretending
a last even of last times of saying
if you do not love me I shall not be loved
if I do not love you I shall not love

The "churn of stale words" is "in the heart again," but as early as "Cascando" Beckett makes us experience an identifiable universal in his very particularized "occasion of wordshed."

The poetry of the '70s bears an inflection characteristic of Beckett's current preoccupation with minimalism in drama and prose. The "hellice eyes" of "dread nay" are apparitions which materialize everywhere in the enigmatic residua, those short prose-poems of recent vintage Ruby Cohn describes as "lyrics of fiction." As in *Ping* and



Samuel Beckett by Jack Coughlin

Imagination Dead Imagine, "the subject falls far from the verb and the object lands somewhere in the void." We have heard this "far cry" before, but the actual manifestation in verse serves to remind us once again how close Beckett's later work in prose comes to poetry. There are correlations with dramatic values too. The "something there" in the poem of the same name ("not life/necessarily") might accurately delineate the "semblance" so fearful in *Footfalls*, while the "steps sole sound/long sole sound" of "Roundelay" defines the refrain of May's obsessive pacing in the play. Despite the minuscule dimensions of this recent work, the "stiff interconnectiveness" of Beckett's world remains as strong as ever.

The translations from Eluard (seven poems), Rimbaud ("La bateau ivre") and Apollinaire ("Zone") are remarkable examples of Beckett's skill in rendering the sound and sense of one language into another. Here is the same discipline in adaptation Beckett has effected in his own English to French/French to English material. Of very special interest in this volume are the eight maxims translated "long after" Sébastien Chamfort, where Beckett makes an unusual departure from the text to render a neo-classicism all his own: "Better on your arse than on your feet,/Flat on your back than either, dead than the lot."

If Beckett offers us no major breakthrough in modern poetry, it is largely because he directs his talents as "homo logos" to the other genre he has consistently reshaped to meet his own literary needs. In love with the aside, the tangential comment, the footnote and the mathematical calculation ("Not count? One of the few pleasures left?"), Beckett has fashioned a vehicle for himself in drama and prose which allows him to be romantic and irreverent at one

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and the same instant. Yet the simultaneity of voices speaks with conscientious regularity throughout his verse in a "mixed choir" of laughter and tears. Even though the important poetry is to be found in his prose and the essential lyricism in his drama, the collected poems in French and English present us with nothing less than the minor work of an acknowledged modern master. Here is the "mixed declension," "a permanent abode" in verse for Beckett's continuing fascination with "the blue celeste of poesy."

Enoch Brater

Enoch Brater is Associate Professor of English Language and Literature at the University of Michigan.

The Education of the Heart: The Correspondence of Rachel Mordecai Lazarus and Maria Edgeworth edited with an introduction by Edgar E. MacDonald

(The University of North Carolina Press; $15.95)

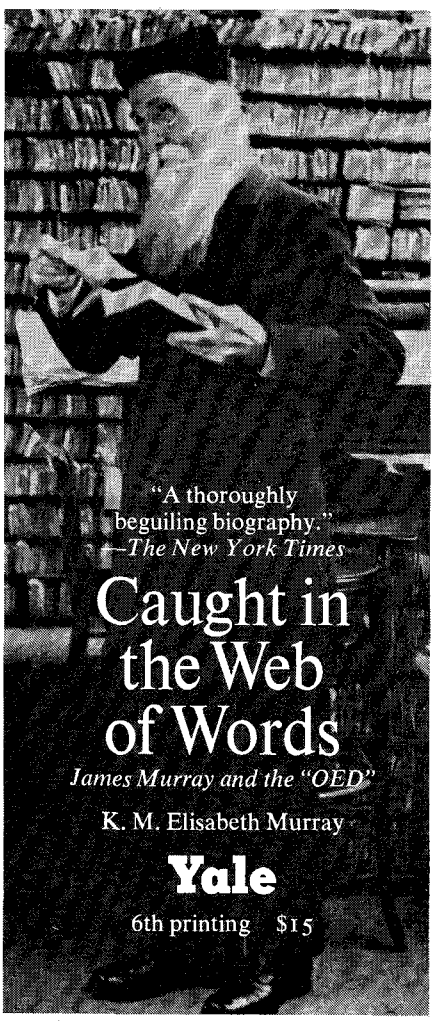
During the first half of the 19th century Maria Edgeworth (1768-1849) was sufficiently famous to be given a chapter in an American traveler's published record of his *Visits to European Celebrities*. On her trips to London and abroad she was lionized by both intellectual and fashionable hostesses and she conversed at dinner with curious men-of-letters, including Byron (she confided in a letter home that the notorious poet's looks weren't up to her expectations; of her Byron wrote that "one would have never guessed she could write her name"). Sir Walter Scott was a dear and admiring friend who said, in print, that he owed the idea for his Scottish novels to her own Irish writings which, as in *Castle Rackrent* (1800), *The Absentee* (1812), and *Ormond* (1817), drew slyly on her neighbors in County Longford as a microcosm of the peculiar and perverse national character. She also figured prominently in a Leigh Hunt poem on contemporary women writers bearing the charming title "Blue Stocking Revels."

With her practical tales for small children and young people she entertained and informed families throughout the British Isles, America, and the continent. Edgeworth's own household circle—her father, her three stepmothers, her 21 siblings—was the greatest influence on her, and she remained, for her lifetime, in contented thrall to the exigencies of such a group, turning out her enormous *oeuvre* (taking time to revise most of it as new editions came out) in between marriages, births, deaths, meals, constant needlework, and frequent journeys. Scott, who himself was not known for the skimpiness of his poetry or prose, is supposed to have intimated that Miss Edgeworth even wrote when she slept, in order to account for her prolificness amid the bustle.

She was one of the earliest women writers to use domestic settings to convey universal truths, ushering in the age of didactic fiction; she was also one of the first authors of either sex to take seriously the writing of books for children. Practicing the virtues that she preached, she believed in "moderation and the duties of contentment and industry." Yet, for all her good habits and high-mindedness, she could say shrewdly of nonsense that it is "an alloy necessary to make sense work well."

Coming out of a society in which things were not to have changed much by the time—over a hundred years later—of Virginia Woolf's *Three Guineas*, her first book, *Letter To Literary Ladies* (1795) was a plea for female education. It was released, like the initial publication of most of her other books, anonymously; unlike a good deal of her writing, however, it was not published under her father's name. Having once stated that she had not "intended to follow authorship as a profession," she claimed not to lust for literary success. This was just as well, for Richard Lovell Edgeworth *did* and was never loath to take credit. Maria was an ardent papa-worshipper and, though she survived him by 32 years, she remained under his spiritual domination until she died, filtering his utilitarian romanticism through her sensibility and serving as a panegyrist of his (to her) sublime personality. They were an inseparable couple (taking into consideration his widower's tendency to remarry quickly, given a vacancy) and the issuance of their collaborative effort *Practical Education* (1798) secured them their status and their success. The two of them, when traveling together, would, like any modern author, check for the presence of their titles in the circulating libraries of the towns they stopped in; it was Richard who had the nerve to ask outright if the books were in stock.

Most contemporary witnesses attest to her quiet charm and to Edgeworth *père*'s tedious garrulity and self-satisfaction. Many also were aware of the extent to which he meddled (with her loving acquiescence) in her imaginative works, setting his laborious mind to dictating the fates of *her* characters and even to rewriting sections. Moreover, he was jealous of anything she did that smacked of "a room of her own," causing Maria to



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remark once that "I do not carry on what is called a regular correspondence. . . . my father particularly dislikes to see me writing letters."

Odd, this, as well as the fact that she deprecated her epistolary talents. Not only did she perform such dedicated feats of communication as a steady, 42-year correspondence with her favorite aunt, but also *The Education of the Heart* indicates that she was a lively, observant, and enthusiastic letter-writer, able to cope quite well with the "many claims" of the daily post.

It is perhaps true that Rachel Mordecai Lazarus had a special claim on the heart of her revered Miss Edgeworth for, before his death, Richard had given his *imprimatur* to the North Carolina Jewish gentlewoman so that, while the two ladies never met, their amicable knowledge of each other's public and private worlds progressed, via packet ship, over a period of 23 years. (The Lazarus and Edgeworth families continued to correspond until 1942.)

With a confidence born in the "benignant goodness" exhibited by the authors of *The Parent's Assistant* (1796) and *Practical Education*, yet her pen trembling at her boldness, Rachel Mordecai, in 1815, had ventured to address the Edgeworths on the subject of anti-Semitism, a prejudice she suspected her transatlantic idols harbored in ignorance and in all innocence. Being herself of an already established line of New World "Israelites," she stated emphatically that the Jews "form a respectable part of the community, [are] liberally educated, many following the honourable professions of the Law, and Physick. . . . associating with the best society our country affords." An American patriot and a proud Jew, Rachel had taken exception to a character in *The Absentee*, one unfortunately named Mordecai and pictured in meretricious, stereotypical detail.

The startled Edgeworths replied—both of them—vowing their willingness to make reparations and so they did: in a quickly knocked-together novel called *Harrington* (1817) in which the heroine Berenice, if not quite a Jewess, does have a noble Jewish father (and a Christian mother, whose faith she follows). Rachel, upon receiving this, wrote in surprised gratitude, taking care to be tactful about the cop-out, and, with becoming hesitancy, asked for the repeated pleasure of "all the intercourse which a separation of three-thousand miles will permit."

Large, comfortable, intellectually-alert families were what Maria and Rachel had in common. Though Maria never wed, Rachel, with 12 brothers and sisters to Maria's 21, soon became the wife of a widower with seven children and then proceeded to have four of her own. Twenty years younger than Maria,

Maria Edgeworth by David Schorr

she too was strongly attached to her father with whom she had run a thriving young ladies' school in North Carolina when, after the Revolution, he had lost money in a series of mercantile reverses. (The Mordecais were, to some extent, followers of the Edgeworth's educational methods, as was a brother of Maria's, who ran a progressive boys' school in Edgeworthstown.)

Richard died shortly after *Harrington* came off the presses, and, at this time, Rachel rose even higher in Maria's distant affections, as she wrote an effusive, sentimental, and wholly empathetic note of condolence. In 1822, after Rachel had sent five letters and received just two, she named her first child, a son, Marx Edgeworth Lazarus, and Maria approved. Rachel felt no lack when Maria wrote infrequently; she was kept *au courant* by the stateside gossip columns as Maria's life, though relatively uneventful (except for relative's events), was considered good copy.

They exchanged a variety of things: *flora, fauna*, literary and political opinions (of the latter, Maria felt that it was not a "woman's department" because as long as she can "do nothing" she should say nothing), and domestic tidbits. Maria queried Rachel on her reaction to Scott's Rebecca ("true feminine dignity") and on whether it was possible to see any published writing of a "female of your [Jewish] persuasion" (to Rachel's knowledge, it wasn't), and they both discussed what they knew of the eponymous Rebecca Gratz of Philadelphia. Rachel recommended the New England novelist Catherine Sedgewick (*Redwood*, 1824, etc.) and praised the up-to-date conditions she had seen for the working-girls of the thriving factory town of Lowell, Massachusetts.

They discussed the Irish question, American Indian education, and the evils of black slavery, with Rachel decrying the hypocrisy of the British Parliament's condemnation when the Irish poor were so badly abused. When Maria inquired, Rachel roundly deplored the redoubtable Mrs. Trollope's accounts of the United States. From America a letter was sent describing the deaths of Adams and Jefferson; later, a reply-in-kind told of Sir Walter Scott's demise with a scrap of his handwriting enclosed as a funeral memento.

When Maria requested a mockingbird, yellow violets, Spanish moss, and wanted to know the meaning of *chores, musquash,* and *caucus*, Rachel carefully packed the exotic items (the bird died en route) and just as carefully provided definitions. Nat Turner's Rebellion elicited a concerned missive from Ireland about the Lazarus's safety; Rachel's letter, anticipating it and reassuring her friend, crossed it mid-ocean.

More books and authors were recommended: Bishop Berkeley, Joanna Baillie, Captain Marryat, the letters of Hannah More, Fenimore Cooper, Harriet Martineau. Jane Austen is never mentioned, though Miss Edgeworth was said to have been appreciative of her art; Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis seem to have been beneath their notice, although perhaps it is simply that neither of them wished to admit to seeming *unserious*.

Sadly, Maria Edgeworth's letter of 16 June 1838 was marked on the back by Aaron Lazarus, "My dear children, this letter was not received before you were motherless." What is more, on her deathbed, Rachel Mordecai Lazarus became a convert, ending a Christian as the Berenice inspired by her had been. It is puzzling, for no intimations of such a desire can be read between the lines of her letters.

One is reminded of an unlikely parallel—Freddie Laker—by Rachel's 1826 statement to Maria: "It is so easy too to cross the Atlantick now, in our

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delightfully convenient packets . . ." But even the enterprising Mr. Laker has not mastered time-travel nor found a shuttle into the past; thanks to Professor MacDonald and the simple, enduring warmth and intelligence of letters such as these, which give us intimate glimpses of people we had not known we wanted to know, we have ways to move into history on a first-class ticket.

Michele Slung

Michele Slung edited *Crime on Our Mind* (Pantheon).

The Twilight Lords: An Irish Chronicle by Richard Berleth

(Knopf; $12.95)

To think of the English Renaissance is to think of Elizabeth I, Drake and the Seadogs, Edmund Spenser, Walter Raleigh, Thomas More, the Humanist thinkers and educators, the incomparable Shakespeare. The image is firm, clear, bright, familiar. No such clear, clean image emerges when the mind turns to neighboring Ireland at the same period. Before Elizabeth, yes: medieval Ireland with its abbeys, carved crosses, the intricate art of the Book of Kells. And after the Renaissance there is Georgian Ireland, with its distinctive Anglo-Irish aura. Even Trinity College, an Elizabethan product, exists today as part of Georgian Ireland, its Elizabethan past embodied primarily in the few relics displayed in the long room of the old library. And the term *Irish Renaissance* transports one three hundred years beyond Elizabeth to a world of fully developed nationalism in politics and revolutionary modernism in literature. There was, therefore, an Elizabethan Ireland but it was no Renaissance. And for good reason. During Elizabeth's reign an already turbulent and unstable Gaelic culture came under a sustained, escalating attack, and prominent among the Queen's agents were the very names that made Elizabethan England shine: Raleigh, Spenser, the Sidney family and interesting lesser figures such as Barnabe Rich. It is their story in part that Richard Berleth tells in *The Twilight Lords*. And it is also that of the Irish chieftains (only superficially Anglicized by titles such as the Earl of Desmond or Tyrone) who both provoked and struggled against the assault.

The events narrated in this chronicle date back to 1565, when a fateful local skirmish between the Queen's Irish cousin, Thomas Butler, Earl of Ormond, and Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Desmond, left Desmond severely wounded and in Butler's hands. Fitzgerald, powerless to avoid exile, was brought to England, stripped of his lands and kept under loose house arrest for six years while the aging adventurer Sir Peter Carew—followed by a variety of hungry knights and gentry—began what Elizabeth, Walsingham, and the Sidneys hoped would be the ongoing Anglicization of Ireland. England had had enough of what were seen as primitive and degenerate manners and politics, and the feeling grew that only a strong English presence would suffice to bring Gaelic Ireland into a Protestant 16th century.

That there were powerful economic motives, as well as a steadily growing anxiety about continental interference at Elizabeth's very back door, is understood. But the first Munster plantation produced more problems than it solved. The absence of Gerald left the Irish cause to be taken up by a tough, cunning guerrilla fighter named James Fitzmaurice. Fitzmaurice raised the dual banners of Geraldine rights and the Roman Catholic church and made a shambles of English Munster before finally being worn into surrender. This war became the prototype for an increasingly murderous cycle of English colonization and Irish rebellion until Hugh O'Neill, who had put off the English title of Earl of Tyrone in favor of the Gaelic one "the O'Neill" was defeated in 1601 at Kinsale. Elizabeth was only two years from death when this final major spasm of Elizabethan Irish rebellion ended.

Berleth has taken on an eventful era and one can easily imagine it being treated in such a way that the local force of events might either be dulled by excessive breadth of scope or obscured by an overcrowding of details. He escapes, it seems to me, both of these traps by selecting (and he is very selective) particularly revelatory spots in time and space and using these as centers for a detailed narrative analysis of the people who converge there and the forces that drive them. The result is a somberly dramatic montage effect that invites the reader to participate in the analysis and interpretation of narrative relationships. An example: the first chapter skips past 1565 (the subject of Chapter Two) and gives us Whitehall in 1579. The developments there—including the gradual undermining of Burghley's attempt to reduce international tensions by marrying Elizabeth to a brother of the King of France—are not only interesting in their local context, they also throw into sharp focus the toughening attitudes of the English puritan party towards the threat of the counter-reformation. This militancy is felt, even when not explicitly evoked, in virtually every violent occasion in the Elizabethan conquest of Ireland. Other chapters work the same way. The third, *Youghal, 1579 Resolution*, explores the forces that push Gerald to abandon his balancing act between English duties and Gaelic allegiances and to announce his commitment by sacking the English-held but grievously unprepared town named in the chapter title. The section called *Smerwick, 1580 Siege* brings six hundred trapped and baffled Italian troops into conjunction with a new Lord Justice of Ireland, Arthur Grey, Baron de Wilton, a strong man still angry over a humiliating defeat in the Wicklow hills. Their abject surrender to Grey brings the papal soldiers only mass execution at the hands of Captains Raleigh and Mackworth, and this event, like the depopulation of Munster by Ormond and Pelham in the chapter called *Kilmore, 1580 Pursuit* hangs like a pall over the whole narrative.

But violence is the *leitmotif* in the lives of everyone in this story. Non-military English colonists were always

Coming:

T. S. Matthews on Alger Hiss
Joyce Carol Oates on Robertson Davies

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vulnerable to the revenges of the dispossessed: murder, mutilation, rape. And as the frustrations of the conflict grew, reprisals became increasingly bizarre and horrible. Captain Mackworth—Raleigh's companion at Smerwick—was captured and flayed. This last practice—removing a man from his skin and letting him die slowly from the nerve-ends in—represents, I suppose, the final fall of human feeling in a cycle of violence that only exhaustion could slow and death stop.

It is apparent that we are dealing with a grim story grimly told. So it is worth recording the publisher's note that *The Twilight Lords* is "popular history" and asking in what senses this description may be true. To start, the book is *popular* in that it is not "burdened," as the phrase sometimes goes, with detailed notes or a full bibliography. Some readers may be relieved at this; others will not. I was not. One might call it popular in that it goes against the recent bias in historiography for extensive quantitative analysis and elaborate theoretical structures. But Berleth believes his story is sufficient, and he presents it, to borrow his own language, so "that the close and personal nature of such things be understood." The result is a harrowing book that should be called popular only if the term is not divorced from seriousness. Aware of the arts of narrative and style, Berleth is nowhere slick. Aware, no doubt, that popular history may present a panoply of grandeur and spectacle, he presents human beings in the complexities of their interests and choices. Precious few come out as heroes. So, for *The Twilight Lords* we describe popular history as the attentive, unsparing narrative of real people caught up in terrible events. By such a definition, the book is compelling and valuable.

Roger Stilling

Roger Stilling is the author of *Love and Death in Renaissance Tragedy* (LSU Press). *The Twilight Lords* will be published March 30, 1978.

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Reconsideration

The Plough and the Stars by Sean O'Casey

"It's not the same," sighed my friend the historian. He had already seen the 50th-anniversary production of Sean O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*. I was on the way to it during the Abbey Theater's United States tour last year.

"Or maybe *I'm* not the same," he added, trying not to spoil the evening for anybody else but recalling how much the

Sean O'Casey by Jack Coughlin

play had moved him in the '30s and, I gathered, how pale and unconvincing it seemed to him now.

The thing is that none of us is the same. But there's nothing derogatory in that, to borrow one of O'Casey's timed-release catchwords from Fluther Good, the now classic character played by Barry Fitzgerald in the original Dublin production. Haven't we become more like the O'Casey of *The Plough* rather than less? In which case the play possesses a fresh pertinence beyond the tragic coincidence that Irish soil is again being stained by the blood of innocents as it was during the 1916 strife lamented by him.

A conventional playwright doubtless would have romanticized the heroic fight for freedom of a nation whose struggle led the parade of 20th-century independence. But O'Casey dared to heighten tragedy with comedy—and vice versa, to use another Flutherism—and put the heroics in the perspective of the victims. His Dublin slum dwellers were already the victims of poverty; now they were the victims of war: Nora Clitheroe, the young woman who pitifully hides her husband's military summons, then courageously tries to find him in the midst of battle and loses her sanity. Bessie Burgess, the older woman who pauses in her leather-lunged invective to help Nora and is shot by mistake. The military leader, seen symbolically through the window of a pub, calling for sacrificial bloodshed in the words of the Irish leader Padraic Pearse (though omitting Pearse's sentence that would have been too overtly apt: "We may make mistakes in the beginning and shoot the wrong people").

Certainly there is no one in fashion who sees any more glory in war than O'Casey did. And everybody, whether through compassion, fear, or personal experience, seems concerned, as O'Casey was, about egregious disparities between the poor and other people—or nations.

Also, at a time women were barely getting used to the vote in the United States, O'Casey was portraying women in a way to satisfy any feminist of today that he was seeing them as at least the equals of men. And the juxtaposition of comedy and tragedy—a subject of controversy at least since Dryden—has become standard in the serious theater. O'Casey's use of it soon blended into a juxtaposition of realism and nonrealism that foreshadowed the theater of the absurd. Even in the early *Plough* the slum realism combines with a recognition of absurdity. As the crisis mounts a doomed child delivers a key line: "Is there anybody goin', Mrs. Clitheroe, with a titther o' sense?"

In some ways O'Casey still goes too far for us, as an artist often does in making us rejustify if not alter our beliefs, and as O'Casey did for the audience that rioted against *The Plough* in Dublin a half century ago. Then it was Irishmen resenting what they considered insults to Ireland, as they had done earlier in reaction to Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*, and 150 years before when they didn't find anything funny in Sir Lucius O'Trigger in Sheridan's *The Rivals*. Today it is not only violence in Northern Ireland which

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indicates the world is not prepared to follow O'Casey in *The Plough* and the earlier *Juno and the Paycock* (about Ireland's civil strife) when he questions whether any cause or abstract principle can warrant the destruction of life. And, while no one today opposes justice for the poor, there would fortunately not be much of a constituency for O'Casey's declared indulgence toward looting by the poor as a kind of justice in the streets.

Whatever O'Casey's view of the Dublin looting in 1916, the effect of its depiction in *The Plough* of 1926 is not so much to condone it as to see it as an example of the dehumanizing impact of war and poverty in turning individuals into a mob. Every country ought to guarantee its citizens a certain minimum standard of living, letting those rise above it who will, said O'Casey when I visited him at his expatriate's home in England about the time of the 25th anniversary of *The Plough*. He was full of what seemed willfully blind praise for the Soviet Union. But he wasn't insisting that other nations follow the Communist example if they could find their own means of putting a decent floor under human need.

Does anyone, including we in the West who abhor communism, disagree with the idea of some such floor now? O'Casey would have a laugh or two to know that Milton Friedman on the right and almost everyone to his left in capitalist America have come to favor a negative income tax or some other form of guaranteeing that no one falls below a certain economic level.

After seeing *The Plough* two years ago I could understand if not share in the disappointment of my long-memoried historian friend. The details of performance must have been more finely calibrated in the Abbey's glory days. No doubt the play—once so abrasively topical—could be taken as a period piece of old cartoons and remote calamities leaving a '70s spectator comfortably untouched.

But I was touched. Many around me appeared to be touched—admittedly in Boston, where the Irish component in the audience may have made it a pushover for the glorious array of brogues onstage. I don't think I imagined the post-Vietnam edge to the laugh when a British soldier says, "Ow, a man's a man, an 'e' 'as to foight for 'is country, 'asn't 'e"—and Fluther Good replies, "You're not fightin' for your counthry here, are you?"

The tenement eloquence of the language would give *The Plough* a niche in theatrical history for another 50 years if nothing else did. Shakespeare didn't boggle at enriching the speech of the low as well as the lofty. Neither did O'Casey. The result is not only amusing or affecting in itself but representative of the play's larger claim on posterity. The irrepressibility of the characters' speech is part of the resilience they display in the face of war and their lot in life. It is in perceiving this human resilience and blasting the threats to it that O'Casey fundamentally distinguishes an antiwar, antipoverty play that is both terribly of its time and enduringly ahead of it.

Roderick Nordell

Roderick Nordell, of *The Christian Science Monitor,* studied O'Casey at Trinity College, Dublin.

The Back of the Book

The State of the Culture

Following is the White House transcript of President Carter's State of the Culture address, as delivered to a Joint Session of Congress, January 20, 1978.

Thank you very much.

Mr. President, Mr. Speaker, Members of the 95th Congress. [Applause] I come to report that the state of the nation's culture is healthy and vigorous. [Applause] In music, art, literature, social customs, theater, movies and television, we are a strong country, a vital and dynamic country—and so we will remain. [Sustained clapping; stomping of feet]

To begin with movies, I echo the words of the industry itself; movies are better than ever. [Applause] The successes of *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* demonstrate once again that we need not lean on foreign imports, [Cries of "no Wertmuller"] and that Hollywood remains, as it has always been, proud and free. [Loud applause] It also pleases me to note signs of intermedia cooperation in the emergence of new film stars from the world of television. Of course I am speaking of Henry Winkler [Applause; whistles] and John Trav—[Ten minutes of applause and shouting which the President, smiling, acknowledges]—olta. [Warmhearted laughter; more cheering]

In the realm of music we need not gloat that the years of British domination in this field are a thing of the past; [Shouts of "yes" and "right on"] and that thanks to artists such as Edgar Winter and the re-united Simon and Garfunkel, [Cheers] such groups as Led Zeppelin and Queen will soon be packing. [Shouts of "go home"] Nevertheless, as a gesture of goodwill to our cousins across the sea, [Applause] I am delighted to announce that Fleetwood Mac—*not* the Captain and Tennille—[Laughter, cheers] will perform their classic album "Rumours" at the White House next month for Prime Minister Menachem Begin and President Anwar Sadat, both of whom have made identical requests, not surprisingly, for "Dreams" and "You Make Loving Fun." [Applause; shouts of "what about Wings?"]

An overview of personalities in the news shows Americans once again at the top of the heap. I need only mention our two most important literary figures—Norman Mailer and Gore Vidal. [Bravos; shouts of "Norman" and "Gore"] Liza Minnelli and Halston are very much in demand. [Applause] Foreign-born personalities such as Bianca Jagger [Hisses, catcalls] are fading fast, while our own Margaux Hemingway [Cheers; cries of "Papa"] and—it gives me particular pleasure to add—Marion Javits are right up there with the best. [Emotional applause; Senator Javits (R, NY) rises to acknowledge colleagues' tribute]

To illustrate the state of painting—if you'll pardon a pun, [Delayed chuckles] I'd like to point to the signal occasion last year when Jamie Wyeth and Andy Warhol exchanged and exhibited portraits of each other. That these two great, young, energetic, American [Applause] artists should find inspiration in themselves is proof positive of the depth of our natural resources. We

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need not rely on foreign oils. [Sustained applause] Isn't that so, Andy and Jamie? [Surprise appearance by Messrs. Warhol and Wyeth in gallery; applause increases; Congressmen raise heads and wave] Well, it's over 15 minutes, Andy, and you're still famous. [More applause; good-natured guffaws]

And in the ever-expanding field of arts education, I'd like to pay personal tribute to Joan Mondale, who has been a veritable Joan of Arts [Affectionate laughter] to the nation, and who, incidentally, will soon appear in a CBS Special on art for children with Gabe Kaplan—that's another Kotter—[President smiles; no response] and Soupy Sales [Standing ovation; Vice President Mondale winks, gives OK sign from chair]

In the world of theater—that's e-r [Light clapping]—we can be proud that 1977 marked the first year in too long when the Royal Shakespeare Company did not have a play in every theater on Broadway. [Shouts of "About time"] If we allow foreign acting companies to dominate our stage, the fault lies not within our stars. [Pause; giggles] You also may be glad to learn that Grace Kelly [Applause] via Monaco [Boos] from Philadelphia [Applause] will be returning to the American stage this spring. It looks as if The Swan grew tired of High Society, gazed through her Rear Window at High Noon and has decided to become The Country Girl again. [Baffled applause; President glances sideways at speechwriters]

Looking at social customs, 1977 was a banner year for religion—not only Christianity, [Applause] but other fine religions as well, [Applause] as all religions are equal in the sight of God. [Spirited applause] Members of Congress may be interested to learn of a forthcoming book on the influence of the Korean. [Collective gasp; President chuckles] I mean, the Koran. [Sighs, cheers] I should also let you know that after I fulfill my duties as your President, [Cries of "seven more years," mixed with "Pat," "Jerry," "Teddy"] I plan to do missionary work. [Applause] In fact, [President smiles] friends tell me I could start with my own House right now. [Laughter, mixed in with cries of "Billy," "Ham," "Chip," "Jody," "Ruth"]

Finally, television. [Applause] It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Fred Silverman raised the medium single-handedly this year. [Enthusiastic applause] Moreover, Mr. Silverman's shifts from CBS to ABC and now to NBC insure that all three major networks will continue to reflect his taste and judgment. [Cheers] Specifically I am happy to announce that "Fish" will not be cancelled, despite the low ratings [Applause] and that John Travolta will, [Screaming, wild cheering; President shouts above tumult] I say *will* [More screaming] be back on [Sentence incomplete due to shouting and clapping of Congressmen]

In conclusion, let me emphasize that the culture of the nation would not survive without the work of the Endowments for the Arts and Humanities. Therefore let me thank the members of Congress for voting increased funds to the Endowments, whose combined appropriation will be at $240 million for FY 1978. This of course will allow each of you to receive equal credit in his home state. [Applause] But the great value of this increase is that, with the population of this country currently at 220 million, it means at last we are able to give $1.09 to every US citizen, regardless of race, creed or color [Applause] to do his own thing in the arts. I ask you now: are we cultured, or are we not? [Shouts of "we're number one"; applause till dawn]

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Correspondence, *from page 7*

the community to speak out more volubly and persistently than they have up to now.

A genuinely concerted effort to assist state legislators to separate truth from falsehood may well carry the day, in the "Deep South," the "Mormon West," even in Illinois.

Ruth Bader Ginsburg
Columbia Law School

Humphrey's turning point

To the editors:

In his piece "Humphrey's Turning Point" (*TNR*, Jan. 28) Chester L. Cooper describes events leading up to Hubert Humphrey's decision not to make a Vietnam cease-fire speech in the spring of 1968. Cooper did not believe Humphrey had ever made the story public. In fact, he had. In December 1975 he told it for the first time in a taped interview with Martin Bunzel of our member station KSJN, St. Paul.

The interview was included in a 22-minute obituary prepared by KSJN and broadcast nationally, January 14th, on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

That much is just for the record. I'm writing because I was pleased to see how closely Cooper's version matches the tone and content of Humphrey's own account. On our tape you can hear in Humphrey's voice that it was an agonizing time for him. You can hear frustration and regret but there's no hint of bitterness. What comes through clearest is Humphrey's pride in having made the statesman's choice.

Unlike Cooper, we can't claim to have fully understood Humphrey's turning point when it happened. But we will take credit for recognizing when we did.

Paula Schiller
National Public Radio
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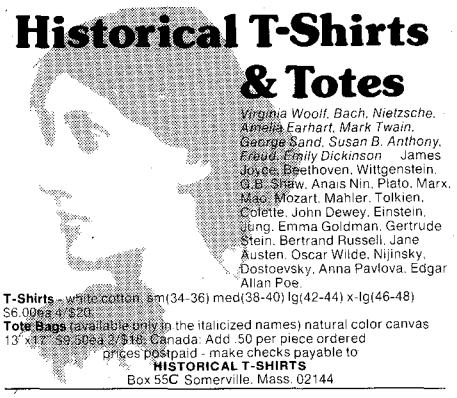

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How to Achieve Total Financial Freedom in 1978

A MUTUAL CONCERN. We've never met and probably never will, but I think we share a common interest. That interest is in achieving complete and total financial freedom.

Recently my net worth reached the *magic million dollar mark,* and it only took me 48 months to achieve that.

That might not impress you, but if you had seen me just a few years ago, you might wonder how I did it. I lived in Denver then, in a cramped, tumbled down house at 2545 South High Street. My wife was expecting our second child and we were so broke we had to borrow $150.00 from a relative just to buy food and pay the rent.

By the way, I know I didn't make a million dollars because of my superior intellect — I barely got through Ames High School (Ames, Iowa) with a C average. I did a little better later on but I soon realized that a salaried job was not the way to become financially free. If you'll stop and think, you'll realize that millionaires do not work 10, 20, or 50 times harder or longer than you.

FINANCIAL FREEDOM. It seems that most people who are charging for financial advice have studied how to "do it" but have never actually "done it" themselves. You will find as you read my formulas, that since I have actually achieved total financial freedom myself, that you will receive from me more than just the motivation to achieve your own financial independence, but a workable step-by-step plan to actually do it.

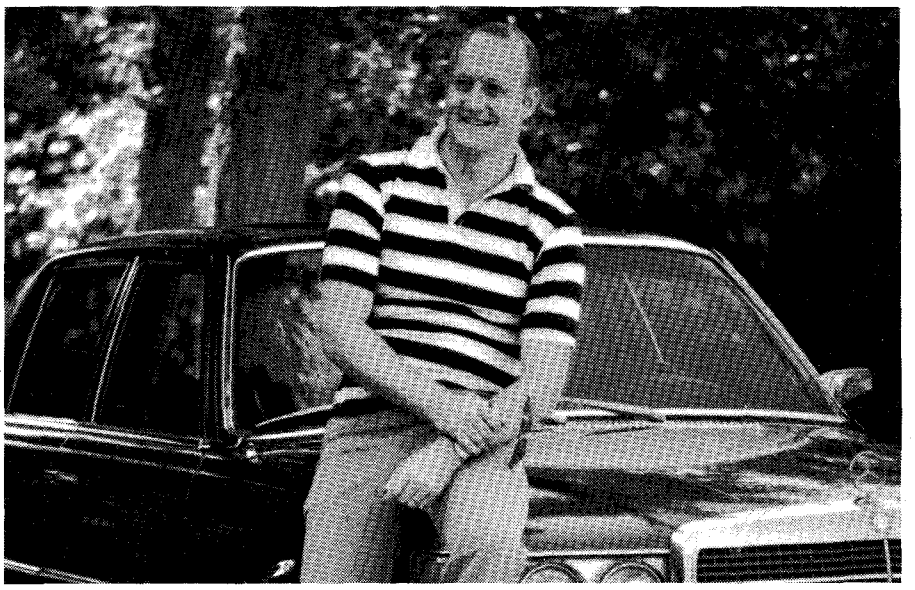
STEP-BY-STEP. Contained in the work entitled ***How To Wake Up The Financial Genius Inside You*** are the various formulas which will show you exactly how you can do each of the following:

- buy income properties for as little as $100 down.
- begin without any cash.
- put $10,000 cash and more in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property.)
- compounds your assets at 100% yearly.
- legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes.
- buy bargains at one-half the market value.

MORE LEISURE. If you apply these formulas and methods you will find in a very short time, you will be able to do almost anything you care to do, and I think, at that time, you will find as I have, that spending several weeks on the beaches of Hawaii, or on the ski slopes of Colorado, or just sightseeing in Europe, or any other place in the world, you begin to understand what **real freedom** is all about.

Most people think that it would be impossible to do some of the things listed above. For example, to buy a property, and at the same time put $10,000 (or more) cash in your pocket without selling the property, or to buy a property with little or no cash down.

Believe me, it is possible and fairly simple. This is exactly how most wealthy people actually do make 10, 20, or 50 times more money than you do.



What are your Financial Possibilities in 1978? Mark O. Haroldsen became a millionaire in four years because he found a way to harness inflation to his benefit. Now it's your turn! *"I've found"* says Haroldsen, *"that most people just need a specific road map to follow . . . they can do what I've done."*

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. While I was struggling on making my first million, I often thought how nice it would be to have the personal advice and counsel from someone like Howard Hughes or J. Paul Getty.

What would I have been willing to pay for this service? I can tell you one more thing for sure, it would have been a lot more than the $10.00 that I'm going to ask you to invest in your financial future.

". . . more than 150,000 people have discovered that my formulas will provide the road map that can lead to total financial freedom . . ."

FOR YOUR FUTURE. What will this $10.00 actually do for you? It will give you a complete step-by-step plan that you can follow to become totally and completely financially independent.

Please try to understand my dilemma. I'm not a New York advertising agency with all their professional skill and manpower to write a powerful and persuasive ad to convince you that I can make you financially independent. I am just somebody who has actually 'done it', and can really show you how to 'do it'.

TEST IT YOURSELF. It's really quite frustrating to have something so valuable as I know I have, but lack the skill to convince people to try it for themselves. I hope by my simple direct approach I can convince you to try my formulas.

INDECISION — THE COSTLY DECISION. It seems the majority of the people in our rich country lose, not because they lack intelligence, or even willpower, but because of procrastination, or lack of action — please don't be like the masses. Make a decision while you have this paper in your hands. Make a decision now to either act now and send for my material or immediately round file this paper. If your decision is to order, do it now, not later. Otherwise you may lose, just by default.

"FINANCIAL FREEDOM." To order, simply take any size paper, write the words "Financial Freedom," your name and address, and send it along with a check for $10.00 to Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc., Dept. G-268 Tudor Mansion Bldg., 4751 Holladay Blvd., Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

If you send for my materials now, I will also send you documents that will show you precisely how you can borrow from $20,000 to $200,000 at 2% above the prime rate using just your signature as collateral.

IT'S GUARANTEED. If you are still somewhat skeptical, and believe me, when I started out I certainly was, because of the many people in the world trying to deceive others, I would encourage you to postdate your check by 30 days, and I promise and guarantee that it will not be deposited for at least those 30 days, and if for any reason you do not think that what I have sent you lives up, in every aspect to what I told you in this letter, send the material back, and I will quickly, without question, refund your money and send back your own uncashed check or money order.

Inquire at your local bookstore for Mark Haroldsen's "How to Wake Up the Financial Genius Inside You." *M2 © Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc. 1978

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Everyone seems to have a New York cab driver story but me. Perhaps it's my businesslike manner or my amiable yet commanding voice, but I seem to throw the hackers somehow out of conversational gear, and my few excursions there have seen me carted around Manhattan in stony silence. On the other hand, Washington cab drivers, who are supposed to be laconic, are always unburdening themselves to me, usually at great length, and with one eye on the road, much to my discomfort. The other day my ride was a long one and our chat ranged over several topics—boxing, evangelical religion, Billy Carter—and finally settled on how interesting it is to live and work in Washington because you see so many famous people. I started to say that, unfortunately, there were many famous people I would just as soon not see, but was interrupted with the news that the fare before me had been none other than Bella Abzug. The seat was still warm and I felt myself in the presence of history. The driver proudly showed me his manifest which Mrs. Abzug had graciously autographed for him.

It seems certain that Bella Abzug will be returning to Congress this fall, and I thought of a photograph of her in *Time* last week, joyously boogeying at Studio 54 in New York. I am afraid that she will be boogeying in Washington before long, and just as inevitably there will be an article in the *Washington Post* about the return of the prodigal daughter entitled "Bella's Back!" Journalism is a cyclical business, and one soon learns to anticipate these things.

Just as there are stories that are bound to be written, so there have always been stories written every year on an apparently seasonal basis. Harry Truman's annual checkup could always be relied on; the year still doesn't seem complete without an analysis of neo-Nazism in West Germany or professional athletics as a metaphor for American life. We have just passed through a hearty perennial: the January analyses of the President's year in office. I confess to having written one myself, but this year brought with it a double repetition which intrigued me. I think it is fair to say the consensus was that 1977 was a disappointing year for Jimmy Carter: the high hopes he seems to have raised in certain circles have been dashed, and there is much furrowing of eyebrows and wagging of fingers. Yet, in John Osborne's column last week, a presidential assistant maintained that Carter remains "comfortable, confident and serene." He is aware of the discontent about his performance, but "he is not concerned about it." One can only hope that he is, but the fascination is that this is the same sort of stiff-upper-lip drivel that used to come out routinely from the Nixon White House—"this President is in full control" of his emotions, of the issues, of the ship of state, when as we now know, he was scarcely anything of the sort. Why would the Open Administration resort to patent public relations when the contrary evidence is scattered all around it?

Which brings us to this month's crisis of state, the Marston affair. The whole matter makes me feel like Ron Ziegler—why all the fuss about a third-rate firing? All it signifies is the political ineptitude of the President; he should have sacked Marston a year ago, or, rather, Marston should have resigned, which he apparently did not. He was hired because he was a Republican, which is also a good reason for him to go. The principle of keeping a Republican US Attorney in a Democratic administration is ridiculous—why not retain the Ford cabinet while you're at it? Implicit in all this is the suggestion that the succession of a Democrat to Marston's post will constitute a whitewash. That remains to be seen. Surely, the circumstances would dictate exactly the opposite, so David Marston can rest assured that his heroic efforts will not have been in vain.

In the meantime, an unlikely hero has been created in Marston, the press is in a flurry of solemn indignation, and various politicos have changed into their clerical collars. Republican National Chairman William Brock intoned that the dismissal signified a betrayal of Jimmy Carter's pledge (and what a pledge!) to take the Justice Department out of politics—a principle scrupulously observed by Brock's mentor, Dick Nixon. Finally, Speaker Tip O'Neill has correctly castigated Marston as a Republican hack, a species the veteran congressman must be able to identify at a hundred paces.

A ride down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capitol brings one face-to-face with I. M. Pei's new annex to the National Gallery of Art. How can I describe it? It is an enormous, amorphous slab of stone that looks like a Norman fortress with sharp edges, wholly out of proportion to its surroundings, a monument to the philistine, jack-booted architecture of the '70s. Paul Richard of the *Washington Post* wrote a celebration of it, rejoicing that the poor, dowdy old Greco-Roman National Gallery has been "upstaged," and thank God for that. I am not so sure. I have a feeling archaeologists of the future might use another term—perhaps "overwhelmed." Beside it Albert Speer's Berlin looks civilized. I leave it to the social scientists to interpret our need for grotesque, massive blobs of concrete, with their sheer walls and shapeless square miles of glass. What happened to Art? The J. Edgar Hoover FBI building erupts like a giant air conditioner over its demure Victorian neighborhood. The Hirshhorn Museum turns the Mall into a modest lawn surrounding the world's largest washing machine. The age of 'small is beautiful' has not, I fear, invaded the profession of building design. Perhaps massiveness for its own sake is a form of reassurance to a society increasingly unsure of itself. As Washington physically turns itself into Brasilia, it daily loses its character. In fact, it is beginning to resemble the current idea about its soulless, manic pace: Washington is no longer a community but a corporate headquarters, color-coordinated, with a big lobby, and no place to sit down.

The Washington Star has been bought by Time, Inc., and that surprising news has led to all sorts of anxious speculation. How much money are the Lucemen willing to spend on it? Will they clear out the editorial staff, will the *Star* imitate the *Post*, will it go tabloid? and so on.

My own hopes are modest and perverse. I should like to see the *Star* used as a laboratory animal for a revival of the inimitable *Time*style of yesteryear, that unique semi-literacy Wolcott Gibbs parodied so brilliantly in *The New Yorker* in 1936.

If the sale had taken place this time last year, think of the stories we could have read! "Heavy-lidded, jowl-faced Thomas Bertram Lance, 46, faced down his congressional inquisitors. No quivering bowl of jell-o he . . ." "The Rev. Ian Paisley, who mortally hates and fears the Pope of Rome . . ." "Mediamogul Murdoch, able, ambitious, workaholic wonderboy of Manhattan magazinery . . ." "Death, as it must to all men, came yesterday to Elvis Aaron Presley, 42."

P.H.T.

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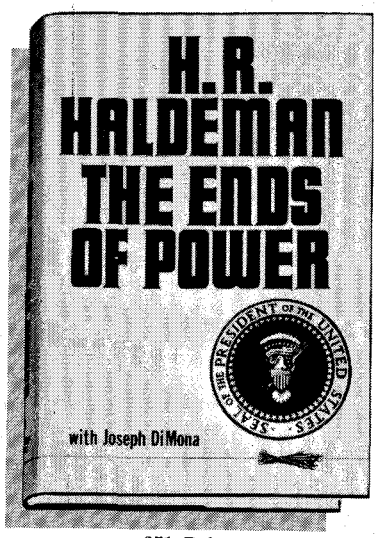

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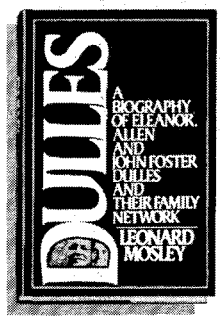

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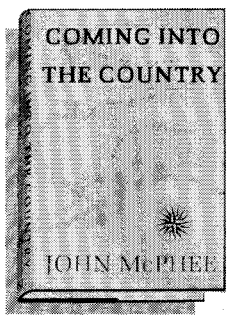

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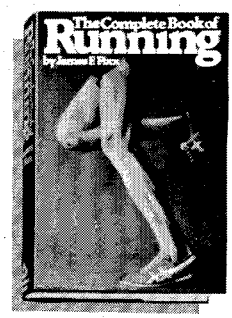

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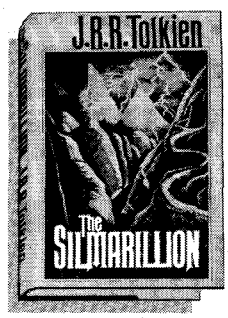

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